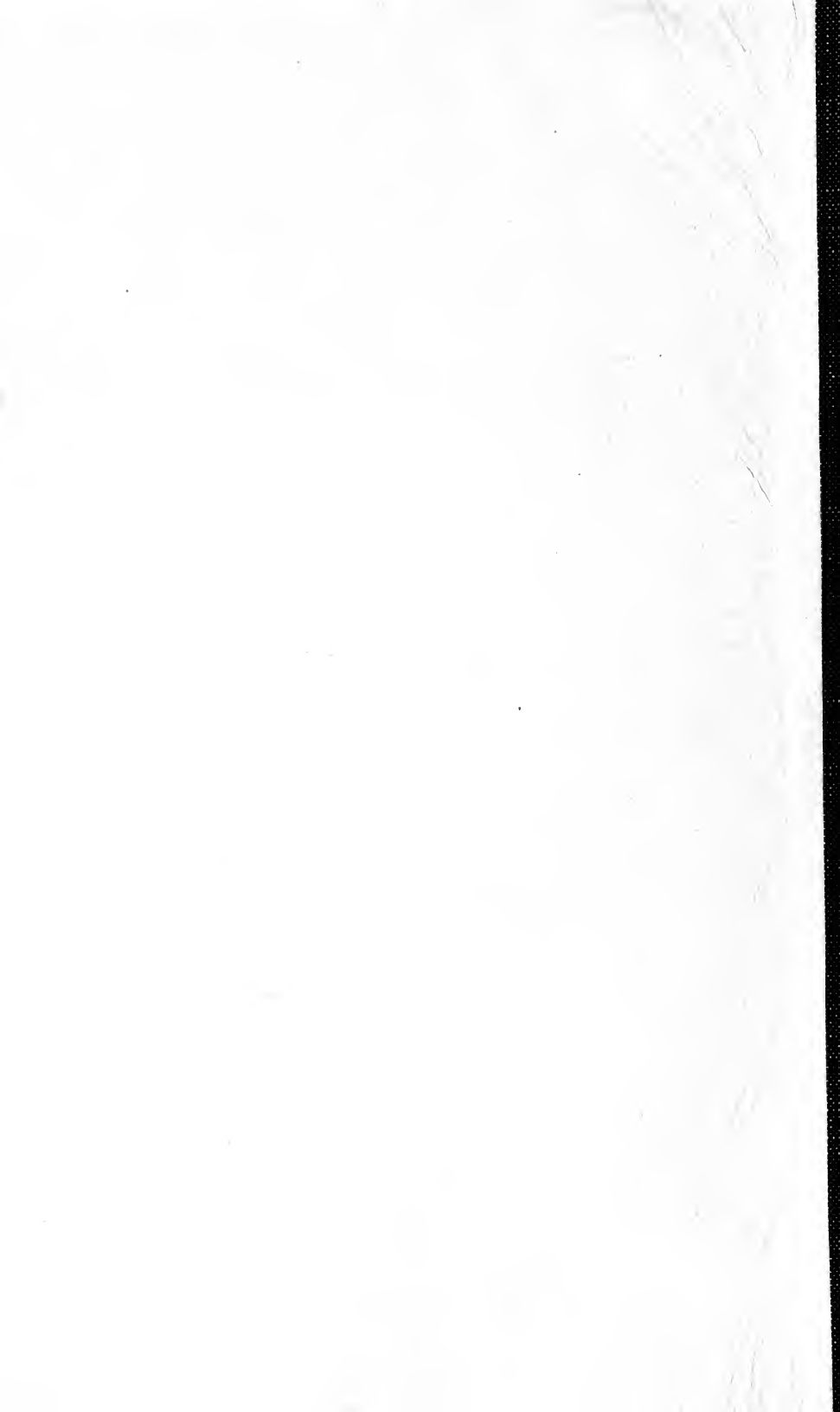


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# CONTENTS.

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PAGE.

December 31. ....	<i>Lady Marjorie Gordon.</i>	1
A New Year Prayer.....	<i>E. A. D., B.A.</i>	2
Quits .....	<i>J., B.A.</i>	3
The Value of Society.....	<i>Kathleen Loy Mullins, '98.</i>	7
A Friend Indeed. . . . .	<i>Helen B. MacDougall, '98.</i>	10
Long Ago.....	<i>E. Grace J. Evans, '00.</i>	11
The Gymnasium in Russia.....	<i>Paula Lapatnikoff, '99.</i>	13
A Scene from Nature .....	<i>Ethel M. Fleming, '00.</i>	17
A Clever Reply.....	<i>Ethel M. Fleming, '00.</i>	18
A Love Story. ....	<i>C. C. Benson, '99.</i>	19
Some Thoughts of Forty Years Ago.....	<i>The Browser, '98.</i>	22
On Fads.....	<i>Helen E. Downey, '99.</i>	27
The Adulteration Act.....	<i>Edith M. Curzon, B.A.</i>	29
Glimpses of England, France and Germany.....	<i>Mary I. Northway, '98.</i>	34
In the Forest.. ....	<i>Jessie Forrest, '01.</i>	38
The Attic. ....	<i>Mary Ard Mackenzie, B.A.</i>	39
Result : Strained Relations.....	<i>Ethel G. Flavelle, '98.</i>	41
A Sketch of the Women's Literary Society.....	<i>Grace H. Hunter, '98.</i>	43
The Birth-gift of the Youngest Skye.....	<i>Evelyn A. Durand, B.A.</i>	46
"A Little Nonsense Now and Then ".....	<i>Annie M. Patterson, '99.</i>	53
Fellowships for Women in Four American Seats of Learning .....	<i>Editor.</i>	54
The Victorian Era Ball. ....	<i>Century, '00.</i>	56
Editor's Notes.....		62

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VOL. I.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1898.

No. 2

December 31.



HE stood looking up to the sky one winter night. The stars shining on the snow gave a cold light. He shivered. "They are all great cold worlds," he said to himself, "each forever flying round its appointed circle. And we are one of them. New Year, indeed! There is no new year; it is all one eternal year for us. Let them make their good resolutions—the harder they make them the sooner they will be broken. What difference can it make to the earth, if I, a grain of her dust, resolve to live a higher life?" He laughed at the thought.

\* \* \*

Suddenly he was wafted from where he stood away out into Space. He was watching the roll of the ages. And as he looked at his earth sweeping round her course, he saw that each time she came to a certain point, a great glow shone all over her. And after each radiance had died away, the light she gave was a little steadier, a little stronger.

He understood. When the New Year came round, each man kindled his lamp afresh, and the whole world shone in glory. And though the light of the lamps died down, it was never so dim after each kindling as before.

\* \* \*

Again he was back on the snowy earth, and the clocks were striking twelve. The Aurora shot up in the north, and all over the earth was a glow of hope.

MARJORIE H. GORDON.

## A New Year Prayer.



IN this first hour  
Of another year given  
Into my power,  
I beseech thee, O Heaven!

To deprive me of  
All standards I have raised  
For my soul but love,  
All longing to be praised  
For anything done,  
All hopes not to be gazed  
Upon under the sun.

In this beginning  
Of the year, I implore from thee  
Pardon for sinning,  
And something to restore to me,

Through whatever pain,  
Whatever mortal throe,  
A pure heart again;  
For 't were better I know  
That my heart should cease  
Than longer go  
Without Thy peace.

E. A. D.

## Quits.

By J.



AN August morning before sunrise, a gray, quivering river with reed-fringed banks, and not a soul in view.

Presently up the river came something brisk and commonplace. It was a fresh young oarsman in flannels, his sculls dipping swiftly in the silvery surface. He gazed curiously at the banks. Only a few cottages could be seen, far apart, sinking shyly into the ground, with the sweet briar bushes as high as they. He was murmuring meditatively to himself, "He was the first that ever burst into that silent sea," when he suddenly sighted another craft floating down stream. His bark was a comparatively smart one, which he had hired at the town below. The newcomer was a weather-beaten, green affair, broad, flat, obviously leaky, and fitted for a sail. But there was no sail in it now. It floated down stream, rocking gently at the playful touch of the breeze—the oars, a pair of rudely-cut pieces of wood, trailing behind it. It was apparently empty. No, there was a hat in the bottom, on top of a bundle.

"Jingo, the fellow's asleep—it's a bedroom!" said the College stroke softly. Then, "By Jove!"

The bundle sat up and resolved itself into a girl's figure in a faded cotton dress. A rather sleepy face looked out from under the big "cow's breakfast."

"I beg your pardon," he said gently, in the serious tone which had got him the reputation of a wag at college, "but is it often done here? To sleep on the river, I mean. I should think it charming on a hot night."

The girl regarded him a moment from under half-closed lids before she spoke. Then,

"It air," she ejaculated laconically.

Although there was a nasal twang in her speech, her voice was sweet, and there was sufficient charm about the fresh colour and wisps of golden-brown hair under the hat to interest the fun-loving College man. Her mouth, unfortunately, remained half open and her eyes half shut.

"Goodness," he went on, "how do you manage it—the gentleman below here, for example, who rents boats? He has twelve chil-

dren. Do they have each a little craft attached to the big ones of their parents ? ”

The girl still gazed at him from under her half-closed lids. There was a slight sparkle beneath them, if he could have seen it, but he could not.

“ We fishes, some on us,” she explained dully. “ We has to be out nearly all night.”

“ Oh, fish ! ” he said, becoming more interested. “ What kind of fish do you get ? ”

“ Fresh fish,” she said, laconically.

The College man looked at her uncertainly. The girl added :

“ Some on us gets birds—waterfowl.”

“ Wild duck, I suppose,” he said, walking into the trap.

“ Naw,” she drawled stupidly, “ but wild geese sometimes—about this time o’ day.” Her lower jaw dropped, and she made a movement to take the boat on.

The College man smiled grimly, then chuckled. This would not do. He dropped the gauntlet again.

“ Do you know, please forgive me, but I have taken a fancy to your racer—it is a racer, is it not ? Do you find it assists the speed to have water inside as well as out ? ”

The girl’s lips parted broadly.

“ Naw,” she said. “ But I guess you might. Waterfowl—least-ways that kind we spoke of—always feels more at home on water than on land.”

The last words came from over her shoulder, as her unwieldy craft lurched down the river toward the hamlet.

“ Sold again ! ” he murmured to himself, as he watched it. He was sufficiently a gentleman to prevent him following her, so he pulled thoughtfully up stream.

The College stroke, detained over night to make a railway connection, had intended to leave that morning for a large watering-place wonderfully near this primitive spot. Strange to say, he did not. Instead he wandered curiously about “ the deserted village,” as he called it, peering here into a potato field, where two women’s figures bent over the hills with pans and sticks ; there, where amongst a riotous group of children, an elder sister, with a dirty baby on one arm, was dividing a slice of bread and jam ; again, doubtfully, behind the counter of a dim little shop.

In all these cases he was apparently simply hunting for a drink of water. At least that was what he finally asked for from the back of a tall young woman with a “ cow’s breakfast,” who was hanging out

little red cotton shirts and blue aprons to dry on a line, and, as she turned toward him a fresh serious young face with wisps of golden-brown hair blowing about it, the College man took off his hat, in his best manner, and said :

“ I hope you will pardon me. I am very thirsty. Might I have a drink of water ? ”

The very slight shade of annoyance that appeared on the girl's face, as she saw who it was, disappeared almost as soon as it came ; and there was no doubt about the slight pucker of her lip as she turned away without a word toward the house, whence she came presently with a large bumper of thick glass containing water.

“ It is beautifully fresh,” he said, when he had tasted it.

If he intended to refer to the morning's encounter, the girl took no notice of it.

“ Yes, it's some mineral,” she said in the same laconic way.

“ Ah ! ” he said, “ do you find it in any quantity ? I am much interested in mining.”

“ Naw,” she said, simply. “ It don't come like that. It's jest water.”

“ I drink a good deal of St. Leon water when I am at home,” he went on gravely ; “ but I always understood that the miners had taken out all the minerals.”

“ Is there much brass in St. Leon water ? ” she asked, simply. The College stroke felt it served him right.

“ I guess there may be some,” he admitted, after a slight pause, during which he shut one eye and thoughtfully held the glass up to the level of the other.

“ You have a lovely country here,” he said, after a while.

“ Think so ? ” she asked, turning to look back toward the grove of giant elms and the softly undulating fields beyond, now yellow for the harvest.

“ Yes ; a painter would delight in it.”

“ Oh, a painter,” she said, kindling ; “ there was one—maw and the young ones was done—leastways they was drawed. Just a dollar apiece, and a gold frame with them. Are you one of them—portrait drawers ? ”

“ No, I am not,” he said, calming himself. How could she, after all, be expected to know a College stroke when she saw one ? “ I am not clever, I am only good.”

The girl regarded him through her half-closed lids for a moment, and then asked, doubtfully :

“ Be you the new Methodist parson ? ”

"Yes," he said at once, "I am. I have come to take charge of the flock, sister—what may I call you?"

"I'm a Presbyterian," she said suddenly, and somewhat briskly. "I think I'll take that glass, mister. I've got to go in."

"But I shall see you again," said the reverend gentleman. "Perhaps"—

But the girl had turned away, and he was raising his hat, with his most polished bow, to her back.

So there was nothing left for him to do but catch his train, which he did, and arrived at the neighbouring town in time to keep an evening engagement of long standing. As he approached his hostess to make his bow, she exclaimed joyfully:

"So you really got back in time. I shall never say men are deceivers again. Now I shall just take one moment to introduce you to the dearest girl. You almost know each other already, I am sure."

The College man turned, and—

"No, I don't think we do," he said very softly; and then, "I can only plead to be forgiven."

Beside him stood some one in shining silk, someone with golden brown hair and wide open, fun-glinting hazel eyes; and, like a flash, comprehension came to him.

"It is I who must beg pardon," she said, "I really had you at a disadvantage. I had a picture of your College crew in my room—in that very white cottage. I was painting there for the sketch club."

"We are more than quits," he said. "If I had seen even the ghost of an easel, but—"

"The blue aprons and red shirts were too much for you," she said, laughing. "They were my landlady's. I am always one of the people when I am there. It is such a relief for a while." Then, as he held out his hand for her programme, "A Methodist parson dancing? I am afraid the good brother may be disciplined?"

He only said, softly, when he had inscribed his name in the only two vacant spaces, "I am afraid you have been drinking St. Leon water."

## The Value of Society.



T is an acknowledged fact that human nature abhors solitude; and nowhere do we find this truth more heartily recognized than in college halls. Here the tendency to pursue a certain line of study, to employ all our forces in a definite direction, to labour with the same end in view, has the effect of broadening our sympathies and awakening in us a strong desire to seek companionship with our fellow-students. For, although the curriculum of study prescribed does much to lay the foundation for future knowledge in the graduate's mind, ability and scholarship, to be of practical use, must lose their narrow provincialism and gain a cosmopolitan breadth and finish.

Goldsmith tells us "people seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after"; and again we learn "it is the law of influence that we become like those whom we habitually love." Indeed, social intercourse, if rightly used, may become both a pleasure and a benefit. Since we are here at school, all living much the same life, the steady outpouring of our affections towards those whom we think worthy of our respect and confidence creates a peculiar fellow-feeling among us. Thus are formed many warm friendships, which often exert a permanent influence over our lives. Thus, too, do we grow attached to some men and women, whose society seems to have a strange fascination for us, and whose presence succeeds in drawing out all the best parts of our character. In such company our natures become transformed, and we gradually model ourselves after our chosen ideal.

Emerson aptly estimates the value of society when he says: "The delight in good company, in pure, brilliant, social atmosphere, the incomparable satisfaction of a society in which everything can be safely said, in which every member returns a true echo, in which a wise freedom, an ideal republic of sense, simplicity, knowledge and thorough good-meaning abide, doubles the value of life." Could we but appreciate and enjoy such society what might not life become?

As it is, most men long to possess the good-will of their fellow-citizens, while few openly despise nature's means to obtain it. Perhaps it is a feeling of instruction to be imparted, of encouragement to be sustained, or of lessons to be learned in the dreary school of expe-

rience, that has much to do with this craving in mankind to seek companionship. True, it is, that comparatively few people exist who are not really fond of society of some description; and, in fact, perpetual solitude seems to be one of the greatest punishments that can be imposed upon man. Yet in order to please in society, no special talent or intelligence is required; in point of fact, the average person is infinitely more agreeable if he does not appear strikingly brilliant. Balzac evidently recognized this, for in one of his stories we find a lady warning the hero not to be too entertaining nor too luminous, but still to *let his superiority be felt*. An attentive listener, moreover, if not palpably dull, is often considered a more valuable acquisition than the very best talker. But at present it is the intellectual man that is the hero of the hour. He who can make his hearers intellectual, at least in their own imagination, is sought after and worshipped beyond all others.

Whether or not society is to prove beneficial to us will depend in a great measure on the dispositions in which we enter it. For if we consider the amount of selfishness in the world, and the evident reluctance of many persons to furnish their experiences for the good of their fellows, we cannot but question the motives which impel mankind to proffer this fellowship. Hence we are too suspicious of each other. If we go into active life, however, meaning to better and enjoy ourselves whilst helping others to do the same—to be instructed, cheered or comforted, as the occasion may allow—then society becomes truly advantageous to us.

Still, the constant high pressure under which we live has also a powerful effect on our social atmosphere. We begin and end each day in the same flurried and excited manner. Every one desires to advance his own purely personal interests; and in our over-anxiety about ourselves, we forget to treat others with that regard and consideration which our code of manners so rigidly imposes. For among the primary laws of etiquette—which even the most selfish among us do not dare to violate openly—that of love for one's neighbour occupies the first place. How true then is the remark that the source of good manners to-day is found in respect for human nature, one's own and that of others, heightened by a sense of the value of life and a desire to make the most of the opportunities it affords.

But let us also bear in mind that, with the exception of our elders, no class of men should receive so large a share of our kindness and sympathy as our inferiors. Is it not our duty to disregard the barrier which fortune has erected between us? How thoroughly the ancient Romans understood poor, weak human nature when they



placed the slave, with his *memento mori*, in the triumphal car of the conqueror! How wise, too, are the writings of great men concerning our behaviour towards inferiors; in which connection let us recall Lord Chesterfield's admonishing words:

"You cannot, and I am sure you do not, think yourself superior by nature to the savoyard who cleans your room, or to the footman who cleans your shoes; but you may rejoice, and with reason, at the difference which fortune has made in your favour. Enjoy all these advantages, but without insulting those who are unfortunate enough to want them, or even doing anything unnecessarily that may remind them of that want."

K. L. MULLINS.



## A Friend Indeed.



ANY are the talented writers who have put forth their best efforts to impress on us that a girl's best friend is her mother. Far be it for me to gainsay them ; but don't you think that, after all, in remembering our mothers, we often forget that there are other friends who deserve our attention, nay even more, our love ? It is because I am impressed with this idea that I write and, if in any way I can make the lot of one of these tried helpers less obscure, then I have not lived in vain. You will wonder, probably, whose praises I am about to sing, which just proves my point, that the friend who should come next to our mother has no recognized place in our affections.

Yet how can we forget the one who, when button-hook and glove-buttoner are not to be found, comes to the rescue and is never too tired to clasp our gloves and button our shoes. It is very likely because these offices are performed without a murmur, that we forget that it is necessary to give love where money is not asked.

Then, too, when we are in a hurry as well as a flurry, who is it that fastens our veils, and when time is pressing, is willing to make the buttons on our coats more secure than the best thread can ?—and all this without uttering a sigh, although we have only to look at the features of our helper afterwards, to see the torture that must have been undergone. Oh ! that these things might not be forgotten.

I cannot refrain from mentioning an incident in my own experience, although I know that it will hurt my reputation for truthfulness. Forgive me if I leave out details. They are too harrowing. I saw one of these good creatures torn in pieces, while doing one of the above-mentioned works of charity ; and I saw the careless girl for whom it was being done, laugh, while throwing the remains of her friend away.

If I had only the brilliancy of style which the subject deserves, I would not have a reader with a dry eye ; but forget the rawness of diction, and remember only that I am making an appeal for your friend and for mine. Let us from this hour bind ourselves together to make the life of our common helper less painful and arduous. One last appeal and my task is done. Will you, I say again can you, forget your duty to that friend who makes your head as large as a pumpkin or as small as nature intended it to be ? Forget everything else if need be, but do not forget the hair-pin.

HELEN MACDOUGALL.

## Long Ago.



HIDDEN away in a corner of the County of Somewhere, there is a little village. I can not say whether it is a typical Canadian village or not, as I am not very well acquainted with the hamlets of our country; but I hope it is not, for a more uninteresting, unpicturesque place than the village itself could scarcely be imagined. Most self-respecting villages look forward to being towns some day, or even great cities; whereas the one I am thinking of is more likely to develop into a deserted village, very different, however, from the Sweet Auburn that Goldsmith has immortalized. It is situated on a hill, whence it looks down on farm-houses and ordinary country scenery.

As for the village itself, it has one main street with several small ones branching off from it; there are several houses and stores, the inevitable blacksmith's shop and post office, and last but not least, three churches. So it is not a very tiny village after all. But there is about the whole place such a lack of lively interest in anything as makes one wish to hurry away to a more cheerful scene. Also one of the churches seems to be strangely lifeless and silent. The tall spire points indeed heavenward, but the bell is silent, the doors remain closed, the dust gathers month after month with no one to brush it away.

Perhaps you wonder why I choose such an uninteresting place to write about. I will tell you. Where the main road crosses a concession, just outside the village, there is a large, low, old-fashioned house, surrounded by orchards and gardens, and it was there that two generations of children played. The last of these children spent the summer there every year. The holidays were only two months long then, but they were months to be happy and lazy in. No neglected studies haunted the little sleepers, when they closed their eyes after a happy day in the woods to dream of cranes and squirrels and the little frogs that would come up and blink at a bit of red flannel on a crooked pin.

Many were the happy picnics in the woods by the mill-pond where the children pretended to believe that wild goose-berries were all the better because they were hard to eat and pricked their mouths. There were long mounds in those woods where Indian chiefs were buried—at least, so the children were told when they would stand on one and

wonder what it was. Then would follow mysterious tales of Indian chiefs and princesses and snow-maidens and sun-flowers, until the timid ones shivered and thought longingly of their own city home where nothing suggested such uncanny topics of conversation. But the touch of homesickness soon passed away when baskets were opened and cedar branches cut to decorate the table-cloth. A fire was kindled and a pail of water hung over it on a rustic tripod where it soon began to boil merrily, unless the whole thing collapsed into the fire and they had to begin all over again. After tea songs took the place of stories until, the evening calm silenced them and the party lingered by the water to watch the sun set behind a bank of golden clouds and the moon rise slowly to light them homeward ; and little feet were so tired, and little eyes so glad to close until the morrow, when they were all ready for a new excitement.

The little church did not remain closed up in those days. Every Sunday, the children crossed the orchard and attended the service there. Once the bells rang out in a joyful wedding-peal, when a bride was married from the old house. Once a train of mourners followed up the aisle the remains of one who had spent her life in thinking of others, and had slipped away quietly in the night when her work was done. They laid her to rest in the shadow of the little church beside her daughter, whom she had "loved and lost awhile."

All this, however, was long ago. The children have grown up and the new generation of frogs would not know a bit of flannel from a fly. Strangers inhabit the old homestead—strangers who do not know the stories of the haunted room, and who would only look at you with an incredulous stare if you told them about the fairy rings in the grass under the great pine tree where the peacock used to roost. They would tell you there were no such things as fairies or fairy rings. But we know better, and perhaps in the future the good little spirits may revive the old village and it may yet rise to the dignity of a city, or at least part of one, a pleasant suburb, perhaps, just removed from the confusion of the city itself. Other children may climb the trees and tame the frogs, but for those who used to play there, the past with its childish joys and sorrows can never return ; they have said good-bye to it forever and life with its realities has come. And so farewell to memories.

G. E.

## The Gymnasium in Russia.



CANADIANS, especially the people of Ontario, possessing an educational system which has been often styled the best in the world, a system as comprehensive as it is liberal, under which an education may be obtained by any one at little or no cost, will find it difficult to understand how the great mass of the people in one of the first great European countries, namely, Russia, are densely ignorant and wholly illiterate; because they are either too poor or have not access to the institutions of learning. Yet notwithstanding this fact, educated Russians are considered to be among the most cultured and highly intellectual people in the world, and the system here described is that by which the latter obtain the greater part of their education. This article, therefore, will be almost entirely confined to a description of the life and work in the gymnasium of the Baltic Provinces.

The gymnasium may be called the backbone of the entire Russian educational system. There are, indeed, "City Schools" which are exclusively for the use of the poorer classes, where the elementary branches are taught, but these have no connection whatever with the gymnasium. The gymnasium is a combination of the Public and High Schools, and also does the work taken up in the general course of the first two years at the Toronto University.

There are eight classes in the gymnasium, exclusive of the preparatory class, each one of which may be passed in one year's study. But it is only the industrious and clever who are able to complete the full course within eight years. On the other hand, the longest time allowed for one class is two years, the *gymnasiast* not being permitted to continue his course if he is not qualified for promotion to the next higher grade at the end of that time. The fitness or unfitness for promotion of any pupil is decided by means of an annual examination of both an oral and a written character. It may thus be seen that the gymnasium does not offer an asylum for the idler or the sluggard. A further obstacle is that of age, no one being permitted to enter any class under the specified age, nor remain there above a certain age. The work taken up in each class is graded to suit the understanding and knowledge of the student. Regular and continuous attendance is also insisted upon during all

the eight classes. Should a *gymnasiast* miss one or more years, except on account of sickness, he is not allowed to proceed unless he passes the annual examination of his class and is within the age limit.

The class hours in the lower forms are from 8.45 to 1 o'clock, and for the higher two hours longer. The schools are also open six days in the week, but compensation is given for the extra day by the large number of holidays which are celebrated. The regulation length of the lesson periods is fifty-two minutes, the remaining eight minutes of the hour being taken for recreation. Of these periods, among the more advanced classes, thirty-five minutes are devoted to lecturing upon the subject in hand, the rest being utilized in questioning as to the student's knowledge of the lesson, which had been previously given. This questioning, though usually upon the prescribed work, often unexpectedly takes the character of a review. In the lower classes the time is mostly devoted to teaching as it is generally understood. The result of the daily work is marked down according to a system of bad, fair, good, and excellent, each represented by a number, and these numbers totalled up at the end of each year. Should the student not attain the required standard of excellence, he is not allowed to take the annual examination for promotion.

The work of each class is definitely marked in the curriculum, and the subjects prescribed therein are, with the exception of some of the modern languages, compulsory. From the following may be gathered some idea of the difference between the gymnasium and the corresponding schools in Ontario. The *gymnasiast* begins Latin in the first-class at the average age of nine or ten years, and Greek in the following class. Either French or German, or both, if the student so desires, are commenced at the same period, one only being compulsory. In the gymnasium for girls, which is under the same director, and often has the same teachers as that of the boys, both French and German are compulsory. In the third class the study of algebra and history is pursued, the latter being continued all through the course. The scope of the work in history comprises a general view of the ancient Greek and Roman, as well as of the mediæval and modern periods, and a minute study of Russian history. Geometry is commenced in the fourth year, by the end of which the work upon arithmetic and geography is completed. Physics is taken up in the sixth and trigonometry in the eighth class.

Great stress is laid upon general reading outside of the regular work of the curriculum. To further this, every gymnasium has its own

library, the books being of an exclusively literary character, with no text books. The books, of course, are in Russian and consist of translations from the best authors in English, French and German, as well as a complete collection of the best Russian writers, and are so graded that the student may read only such as his knowledge would permit him to understand. One book must be taken out of the library weekly, the student being at any time liable to be questioned as to its contents, by which means shirking is avoided. In the higher classes Shakespeare, George Eliot, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens and some of the great essayists are much read. By this means at the end of the course the *gymnasiast* has a good general knowledge of the best literature of the world.

As might be expected in schools under the direct control of the Government, and that Government a military despotism, the *gymnasiast* has not a great deal of freedom. His conduct both within and without the gymnasium is regulated by a number of very strict rules.

The costume worn by all male students of the gymnasium consists of a military uniform, over which is worn a gray overcoat with silver buttons. This dress is never discarded without special permission from the director. The girl student, like her brother *gymnasiast*, also wears a distinctive costume consisting of a brown dress with a black apron, which, however, she is only compelled to wear in the school room and at school functions. In the latter case she changes the black apron for one of white, and since she is not permitted to wear ornaments of any description, all her care is lavished upon this one article, which is consequently very elaborate.

While at the gymnasium, no student may attend the theatre without the director's note of permission, which is seldom refused if the play is of a high standard.

Rewards are given in every class for good conduct and excellence of work, especially of essay writing, while book prizes and certificates are awarded to all who exceed a certain standard. The gold medal, presented by the Czar, is given at graduation; but in order to obtain this reward, it is necessary to pass an almost perfect examination in the final year and have good reports in the last three, so that it is seldom won.

Corporal punishment even in the lower classes is unknown. The usual form of punishment is to compel the delinquent to remain some hours after school; or if the offence be grave, to put him in the gymnasium prison, which is a small room without either table or chair.

Imprisonment, however, is seldom necessary as it is looked upon by the student as a disgrace.

Athletic sports do not play the same important part in Russian schools as they do in those of Canada, and although dancing and gymnastic exercises are taught, they are learned as any other task, and are considered merely as a means of physical development.

While the life of the *gymnasiast* is very circumscribed, that of the university student is the reverse. He is upon terms of friendly intimacy with his professors, and is as free as it is possible for any Russian to be.

Whether from the fact that he comes in daily contact with misery and oppression, or from a naturally thoughtful disposition, the Russian student is imbued with an earnestness which is not found in his confrere of Canada. Many students, both of the university and the gymnasium, have classes at which the children of the poor are enabled to obtain the rudiments of an education which their parents are unable, owing to the exactions of the land owners, to provide.

Discussion of social problems is the usual theme at student meetings, generally held in secret, for fear of the Government, which frowns down all interference in social and political matters. It is probably this lack of freedom to be allowed openly to discuss problems of so great moment to many of them, that forces Russian students into becoming Socialists and even Nihilists.

Thus it is that some of the noblest and best men in Russia have received part of their education, passing through the gymnasium into the university, which, if they decide to have minds and thoughts of their own, apart from the opinion of the Government, is often but the threshold of a Russian prison.

PAULA LAPATNIKOFF.

NOTE.—It was rumoured last year in America that free schools had at last been established for the benefit of the poor in Russia; but I have seen no confirmation of the report in the press. P. L.





Psychological and  
Physical Laboratories,  
University College

10



## A Scene from Nature.



It is a bright June morning. I fling wide my shutters and lean out to inhale the fresh air, fragrant with the perfume of roses. The sun, already an hour old, shines upon the dewy grass, making the dew-drops glisten and sparkle like diamonds. Overhead is the clear blue sky, the beautiful sky of our Canadian summer. I wonder, as I gaze into its infinite depths, why we hear so little about its beauty. The twitter of the birds in the trees, the bright morning song near my window attract my attention. I turn from gazing into the heavens to observe the world of nature, which has wakened around me and which is enjoying this hour of quiet, before the rush and roar of the busy world of traffic and trade begin.

Soon a clear, merry whistle, a human whistle, mingles with the notes of the bird's song. On looking out, I see a bright-faced boy of about twelve years, whose brown eyes sparkle with fun, and whose whole expression betokens a gladsome heart. Involuntarily I smile. I am almost tempted to join his whistle, and only refrain for fear of spoiling all. Suddenly the whistle ceases; the boy comes abruptly to a standstill, and looks attentively at some object on the lawn. A robin is engaged in teaching one of her nestlings to fly. She is apparently unconscious or unmindful of onlookers. The mother-robin rises into the air, followed more slowly and reluctantly by the young bird. They realight upon the lawn to rest before undertaking a second flight. The boy follows their movement with evident interest. He is careful not to betray his presence by any sound or movement. I also am interested—in the boy as well as the birds.

Suddenly a new-comer appears on the scene and as quickly disappears. A large black cat leaps forward from some hidden corner in the hedge, seizes the poor nestling and bounds away. The boy utters an impatient exclamation, springs after the foe, but in vain. Grimalkin has already attained a position safe and secluded. The boy returns; the brightness of his face has departed, and is replaced by an expression of pain and grief. "The poor little mother!" he says in sympathetic accents, as he looks round for the mother-bird, which has also vanished. "She was right there and saw it all."

No longer whistling, and more slowly than before, he continues

his walk. This little event—the loss sustained by the mother-bird—has touched his pure, childish heart. It has been sufficient to cause him to forget his own pleasure and fun, of which he had evidently been thinking before. I too am touched with a feeling of sadness. The bright morning no longer seems as bright. In the twitter of the birds I seem to detect a minor chord which was not there before. The very sun, rising ever higher in the heavens, does not seem as beautiful as it did a moment ago. The diamond dew-drops are no longer visible. The busy outside world is waking up. A heavy lumbering cart rumbles past. With a sigh for the poor robin and a mute prayer for the bright, happy boy with his large sympathetic heart, I rise up from my window and seek some occupation whereby I may forget the little tragedy which has just been enacted before my eyes.

ETHEL M. FLEMING.

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### A Clever Reply.



N years gone by we had as mathematical master in the D— High School, a certain Mr. K—. Mr. K— had a pet proposition in euclid, which could be proved directly or indirectly, but which he preferred to be proved indirectly.

To prove that a certain thing was impossible, you were to suppose it possible, or done, and then proceed to a “reductio ad absurdum,” or to an impossibility. One day a boy named Smith was sent to the board to prove this proposition. He began the direct proof. This provoked a rebuke from the master. “Mr. Smith,” said he, “have I not told you that the way I wish that proposition proved is to suppose it done?”

“Oh, certainly, Mr. K—,” returned the ready Smith with a delightful smile; “I am perfectly willing.” Whereupon he laid down his chalk and took his seat. The scholars were in raptures; and to his credit, be it said, Mr. K— was not behindhand in his appreciation of the apt retort.

ETHEL M. FLEMING.

## A Love Story.



HE preacher looked down on his congregation and the familiar faces were before him. The summer sunshine filtered in through the stained glass of the windows and lay in long lines across the pews. One golden patch fell just below him, and from it there looked up to him a face which he had never seen before, but which seemed strangely familiar. The form and colouring he had not known, yet he realized that before him was the woman he had dreamed of, the woman he could truly love; and a great happiness came over the preacher.

Now he stands to give his text, and a strange thrill passes through him as he picks up his notes and remembers the words he has chosen. They come from his lips with an unusual tremor. "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Once more he looks at the fair young face; then turns away, as the usual well-rounded sentences and lofty words come from his lips. It is well he has his notes, he thinks. Then the emptiness of it all strikes him. The words he speaks are not the words he thinks. Again he turns. His notes are pushed away. "I will win her," he vows to himself. And then he speaks the words that are in his heart as he has never spoken them before. One power is over all, and love alone governs to all good. All things change, but love remains. God is love, and through that love it is that we live and know all good things. Love leads and guides in joy to thoughts and deeds of goodness, of purity and nobility, to fulfil the law and even to go beyond it to generosity and to mercy. Even the old men forgot their naps.

One woman walked quietly down the church steps and home alone to a boarding house. Perhaps the sermon had helped her; it would be easier now to begin again alone in the little country town where she was to begin her life as a teacher. People said the new teacher was not interesting, but the children liked her, and the trustees decided that she was a success. Some people wondered why she did not make more friends, never realizing that they had not helped her. So she grew more quiet and shy, till her school was almost her only interest. Then there came a time when her eyes seemed tired, and, at last, after a visit to the doctor, they were hidden under blue glasses. Then came the order to stop her work.

One day she sat in her room, just waiting. There was no home for her to go to,—What was she to do? Then she remembered a little circular she had laid aside a few days before. In the poor part of a big city a school was soon to be opened. There would be little reading needed there surely, but plenty of worry and small remuneration.

In September, the little teacher, with her eyes stronger but still hidden, taught her first lesson to a bunch of dirty boys and girls. The class was smaller before it was larger, it is true, but the hands began to be clean, and small children, who had never known love or kindness before, began to think of little things because, "Teacher likes it." And before long they had taken her into their homes, where she often spent an hour reading a simple story to some poor helpless creature.

The preacher meanwhile waited, and some wondered why he was gentler now. Those in trouble turned naturally to him and the lonely gained courage from him. To those who waited he said: "It is good to wait. I have waited long, and it has made me stronger and more trustful. For surely we shall at last have all good things." And always one face was in his mind, always he was seeking for that one woman whom he had once seen.

Many calls had come to the preacher, but he had always refused them. Perhaps, he thought, he was of use where he was, and he felt that he would meet the woman he sought where he had first seen her. At last there came a call from a poor part of the city; a new school had just been opened near the church, and a hard but noble task was waiting for a man who was ready to give up his life for his Master; and the preacher went. Soon he was working hard among the poor and going even into their miserable houses.

It was beside the bed of one of his old parishioners that he first met the teacher. She had been reading, but as he came in she bent down to shake up the pillow and was gone. It was late autumn then and in the dusk of the room, he had hardly seen her. After that they met often, and always each with help for the other, until he would send for her when someone was ill, and she would ask the preacher, as everyone called him, for advice.

Sometimes he had walked home with her, but it was a long time before he saw her except in the dusk. When at last he did see her face, he had known her too long and was too familiar with its outlines to think much of her mere features, and the disfiguring glasses still hid her eyes. No thought of the woman he had seen once before crossed his mind.

As the months passed by they were often together and became

more to each other, until a sweet consciousness arose in each of the help to be gained from the other, and life seemed happier to both. The days passed quickly; and, with no thought of self, each moment seemed to have its happy duty, until the image of the woman whose face he had once seen had almost slipped from the preacher's mind. He was still, however, quite unconscious that the teacher was anything more to him than a helper in the parish.

One stormy night in early spring the preacher came home tired and dispirited. He had just been paying his usual weekly visit to the jail, where the worst of men seemed gathered, and all his struggle seemed useless. Then he remembered the teacher as he had seen her last bending tenderly over a heart-broken woman. The teacher thought it worth while. If she had strength to go on, so surely had he, and above all he was not doing this in his own strength but through a Higher Power. Then came thoughts of duty. An old box of sermons caught his eye; he would take them down and look them over. He lifted the cover of the box; the first words which met his eyes were: "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Again he was back in the old church and one face looked up at him. Had he forgotten her? To have waited even years for that one woman, and now for the first time to realize how much the little teacher was to him! Surely he was not bound to the woman whose face he had seen, and yet, he thought, he could not honestly marry another woman unless she knew. Then must he start out to win her by confessing that he had been false to his ideal? All evening he fought the matter out and morning brought him no decision. Worst of all he must keep his promise to visit the school that afternoon and there meet the teacher with this new knowledge and this question in his heart.

The little teacher came happily to school. The last few years seemed to have slipped away from her. For had she not at last laid aside the glasses? Womanlike, she wondered what the preacher would think of her.

The children said he looked very stern as he came to the door where she met him alone. Then suddenly he grew white. "You! you!" he said, until she asked: "Don't you know me without the glasses?" And then the children had crowded round them.

That afternoon, they said, he was merrier than ever before, and always he smiled, and the little teacher was very happy too.

It was quite dark when he left her at her door; but he had told her all about it, and they are still always helping each other, even now.

C. C. BENSON.

## Some Thoughts of Forty Years Ago.



DEPARTMENT of book reviews forms no part of the plan of *SESAME*, '98. A certain more or less educational work recently met with, however, has afforded its latest readers such edifying amusement that it seems only New-Yearly to share the entertainment with all who care to take an interest in a girl's prize book of thirty-five years ago.

The fly-leaf announces that the work was awarded at the "Half-yearly Examination, Renfrew Public School, to Miss — for proficiency in English History, June 26th, 1863," the recipient being an aunt of one of our honour philosophy women, and bearing the same name. The title page bears the comprehensive heading: "Female Happiness; or The Lady's Handbook of Life," together with the date 1854; and is faced by a cut representing presumably a happy family—one man, one boy and four women grouped about a rectangular musical instrument, whose carved decoration of angels suggests the semi-sacred parlour organ rather than a piano.

With a vigour and extent of grasp truly masculine, the author undertakes to treat of every element and every condition of both temporal and eternal happiness—which, by the way, it is interesting to note, possessed in 1854 distinction of sex, as did also education, the table of contents showing that both female happiness and female education are subjects of learned consideration. I wonder if the author did not know any women, that he wrote nothing about their felicity or training.

Part I. is concerned with Religious Culture; and besides considerations on religion in general and its relation to happiness and character, treatises on theological and devotional literature, on doctrine and liturgies, and on apologetics, includes a sketch of religious opinions, Pagan, Mohammedan, Hindoo, Confucian, etc., as well as Christian in all its branches, ending with a chapter on "Christian benevolence, Sunday-schools, distribution of religious literature, domestic servants and Christian missions." Part II. sets forth the sciences of psychology and ethics with a simplicity adapted to the intelligence of our sex. Part III. is devoted to "Intellectual Culture," etc. It embraces all the sciences and all the arts. Part IV. bears the superscription; "Social Culture, Marriage,



etc.;" and the fifth and concluding division is described as containing: General remarks on happiness, a description of the joys of heaven, and the conclusion. Yet it must not be supposed that the Renfrew public school presented its English history prize-winner with a library—not at all. The sum of the above wisdom is neatly bestowed within the covers of a green 12mo of some three hundred and forty pages.

As university women, let us look at what the learned author has to say about the intellectual exercises of our sex. Knowledge he approves with the unction of a Solomon; but a blue-stocking doth his soul abhor. "In such a dilemma, what should a judicious woman do?" he asks pathetically. 'Varsity women, without exception, will agree with his premises; but the conclusion of the '50's cannot be admitted by their friends in the '90's. "There is a narrow, middle path, gentle reader," says our grave and reverend senior, "between these extremes. . . . The prominent excellences of the female mind are taste and imagination, and the knowledge sought after should be of a kind which assimilates with these faculties. Politics, philosophy, mathematics, or metaphysics do not lie in a general way within your province, and the works of Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, Newton, Malebranche, or Kant, would scarcely be deemed appropriate furniture for your libraries; because they would render you unwomanly indeed, and damp that vivacity and destroy that disengaged ease and softness which constitute the very essence of the feminine graces." Oh girls! and they are all on the curriculum. Yet I call the honour philosophy, classical and mathematical women of '98 to witness the libel; and will undertake that you shall find "disengaged ease and softness" any day between Sunday and Saturday in the physical laboratory, womanliness indeed behind a Greek lexicon in the library, and a very soda water fountain of vivacity sparkling over Malebranche and Kant.

But to return to our mentor. The subject of history receives considerable attention at his hands, and is admitted a study profitable to edification; but even here there should be a distinction of reading for the sexes. "The species of history which describes the lives and characters of particular persons, and is included under the name biography, is by far the most useful and interesting to a woman, because, instead of wars, sieges, victories, or great achievements, which are not so much within the province of a female, it presents those domestic anecdotes and events which come more forcibly home to her bosom and her curiosity."

The sciences are carefully tabulated with a view to their appropriateness for our consideration. Logic and pure mathematics are

pronounced not "particularly well suited to engage the female mind, which prefers rather what is practical and of immediate utility to those inquiries which involve long, patient and laborious investigation." Statics, mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, navigation and astronomy "are not likely to interest or engage the attention of ladies, except so far as their elementary facts can be learned from popular introductions, divested of mathematical formulæ, or from an attendance on short courses of lectures, illustrated by a series of interesting experiments." Chemistry might have been adapted to our capacities save for the melancholy fact that, "except as regards its mere elementary principles, . . . no real knowledge of it can be obtained without patient, personal investigation of a character quite unsuited to ladies."

But the author would not have excluded our mothers from all learning more exact than that afforded by popular introductions and short courses of lectures. He finds a becoming field for their mental activity in the study of animate nature. "Natural history," he says, "however, when considered in its widest and most comprehensive sense, is a study that may be deemed particularly feminine; and it has of late years been cultivated with uncommon attention. Entomology and botany, indeed, have been particularly fashionable, and have found a place in the amusements of the elegant, as well as the pursuits of the learned; nothing being, in fact, better calculated than these to amuse the mind, to improve the health and spirits, and to inspire at once cheerfulness and devotion." He then proceeds to a more particular eulogy of each several department of the natural sciences, suggesting suitable works for "female" reading on each, and interspersing snatches of appropriate hymns throughout.

Next our old gentleman proceeds to the culture of the imagination and a dissertation on poetry and the poets. Shakespeare, it seems, should be read, by women at least, for the moral medicine to be distilled from his leading characters. "Who," he exclaims in the course of a series of rhetorical interrogations relative to the best known of his masterpieces, "who can read or see the 'Macbeth,' and not be awed by the terrific grandeur of the bad, ambitious passions of the Thane of Cawdor's wife, by whose incentives her husband ascended the ensanguined steps of an usurper's throne?" We have had a different interpretation of Lady Macbeth's character presented to us in the course of our university career; but then the moral needed to be sought in that. Here it stands out in plain, strong red, such as the female mind can easily distinguish. Mentor's summing up of Dante may interest our modern language students. There is more of it, but the

pith is this: "His work, taken as a whole, may not unfairly be described as a gothic mass of various kinds of knowledge strangely heaped together, without arrangement, design, or perspicuity."

Leaving poetry we come to drawing and painting, which, it seems, "if there be a natural bias for them"—saving clause—"are accomplishments well adapted to the taste and delicacy of the female sex." Music also is recommended in *prim phraseology* as calculated to "give solace and quiet enjoyment in the many lonely and anxious hours that fall to woman's lot"; classical music being preferred to "the frivolous, ephemeral compositions which too often occupy the time of ladies, simply because they are shorter, easier and more popular." To dancing the gentleman metes out different measure under different headings; as a fine art it is considered profitable for "correcting any awkwardness of gait or gesture," but appears a grisly temptation in the ball-room; when considered, however, under the head of amusements, it is admitted in private "soirees" to have "an exhilarating influence. . . . Especially when called in to fill up the intervals of music and song; nor should even religious persons be so severe as to object to it, when conducted in an orderly and decorous manner among family friends in private society. It may well be questioned, however, whether the waltz, the polka, and some other modern dances, become the character of a modest, sedate female, in a mixed company." Our old gentleman, it would appear, was already full of years when he wrote his encyclopedia of female happiness. At least it reads as though Sir Roger de Coverley had been the wildest dance of his youth—and a very good dance too. But I wonder what he did with his partners besides—tread a measure with them?

The chapter on the fine arts closes with a diffident page on the confessedly but little known subject of "ornamental needlework." There is a real modest hesitancy in his treatment of this topic, he "being," as he says, "little acquainted with its mysteries." Yet having undertaken to treat of all subjects incidental to the happiness of our sex, he faces the difficulty like a man, helps himself out with an historical allusion or two, warns against allowing Berlin or crochet work to engross too much of our time; and sanctions wax-flower making and leather-work in moderation, as both of them pleasing and truly feminine occupations.

We will not follow the grave and reverend into his dissertation on marriage as affecting female happiness. On the whole it seems, if we want advice on that topic, we had better consult some wise woman who knows. But since discovering that he is really very old, undoubtedly still wearing a white stock in the '50's, we do not

resent his precise, would-be-Addisonian English, his rigid precepts as to how we are to be happy, nor his benevolent attempt, which he claims to have accomplished, to view "woman in her fourfold capacity—as a child of God, as a moral being, as an existence endued with intellectual capacities, and a member of human society." But we congratulate ourselves, particularly if our tastes tend to philosophy or mathematics rather than to natural science, that we live at the end of the nineteenth century rather than in the middle.



## On Fads.



HERE is no accounting for tastes, we are told ; and most of us care very little about the views and opinions of our neighbours. But there are some people, who can scarcely fail to attract our notice, who seem to direct all their attention and energy into one channel. They become so fascinated by some one theory or action, that for a time at least, they can think of little else ; and they look at other things only in relation to their pet idea. Formerly such an idea was called a hobby, and was regarded with contempt. Nowadays it is called a fad, and is treated with respect.

The word fad, which was ignored until recently by all precise writers and speakers, has become now very popular. It is used loosely to designate almost any passing fancy or fashion. Under the title " new fads," the most nonsensical freaks are described in many of the newspapers and magazines. And faddishness has come so much into vogue, that it was asserted in a periodical not long ago, that a woman without a fad would find herself decidedly in the minority. Now this statement is, of course, untrue as well as uncomplimentary. But it is peculiar, when one looks around, to see how many people really have what the dictionary defines as " trivial fancies pursued for a time with irrational zeal."

These fads take a great variety of forms. Perhaps one of the most universal, at present, is cycling. The convenience and utility of the bicycle have been proved so conclusively, that even the most conservative people can hardly object to its use. It is the abuse of the wheel, that is condemned by many who admit that its popularity is deserved. For who does not know the bicycle fiend—the person that thinks of nothing but his cyclometer, and whose conversation is limited to his own adventures and hair-breadth escapes ? Judging from the number of accidents that have been narrowly averted, one comes to believe that only a series of miracles has prevented our cities from being depopulated. Fortunately this enthusiasm, like all fads, is transient. It marks the novice ; and in time this recreation, even among its votaries, suffers from the contempt that familiarity brings.

Then with a number of people the very word suggests collecting. For one of the forms that faddishness has taken, is a mania for gathering together all sorts of articles, valuable and worthless, useful and

good-for-nothing. From postage stamps to libraries, and from coins to cartridge shells, nothing is slighted by the eager collector. It reminds one of children saving up buttons on a string; the buttons are kept, not for any intrinsic virtue, but to see who can get the longest string.

Whims of this sort, however, are comparatively harmless. A much more annoying kind is the "fixed idea" fad, to which some unhappy mortals are prone. They seize upon some theory that they seem to consider, for the time being, one of the chief maxims of life; and then render miserable all their friends who violate this rule.

Now, fads are said by some people to be signs of originality; but if they are to be judged by appearances, they are usually based on a lack of common sense. As a rule, it is only those who have no conception of relative importance, who are subject to these transitory fits of enthusiasm. Moreover, they encourage the tendency to treat serious subjects in a frivolous way and to make trifles seem more weighty.

But the main objection that a disinterested observer has to make is that these fancies cause great inconvenience to the faddist's acquaintances. Personal idiosyncrasies are, after all, a small matter, but one cannot help feeling sympathy for the real victims of this mania, the unfortunates who, to please the caprice of a friend are obliged to work for some fad, of which their reason disapproves, and which they dislike. Many services are thus rendered unwillingly and for no purpose. For when all is said, the only possible excuse the faddist has, is Shylock's time-worn plea "but, say, it is my humour."






View from Schloss Habelsberg,  
near Berlin.  
A Glimpse in Germany.

27





## “ The Adulteration Act.”

“  R. WELLER,’ says he, squeezing my hand very hard, and vispering in my ear—‘ don’t mention this here agin, but it’s the seasonin’ as does it. They’re all made of them noble animals,’ says he, a-pointin’ to a very nice little tabby kitten, ‘and I seasons ’em for beefsteak, veal, or kidney, ’cordin’ to the demand; and more than that,’ says he, ‘I can make a veal, a beefsteak, or a kidney, or any one on ’em as mutton, at a moment’s notice, just as the market changes, and appetites wary’!”

But that was before the days of the Food Adulteration Act of either England or Canada. Now-a-days that ingenious pieman ought, according to law, to inform his customers that the interior economy of his pie is pussy, and not mislead them by the “seasonin’.”

It may be of interest to review briefly the steps taken by the Canadian Government to guard the consumer against the wiles of the producer or the middleman.

To this end there is found in 48-49 Victoria, Chap. 67, *an Act respecting the adulteration of food, drugs, and agricultural fertilizers, shortly called “The Adulteration Act.”* In this article the scope of the Act will be shown and the manner of its enactment.

“In this Act, unless the context otherwise requires, the expression “food” includes every article used for food by man or by cattle. The expression “drug” includes all medicines for internal or external use, for man or for cattle.”

“Agricultural fertilizer” means anything sold for manuring purposes at more than ten dollars per ton, and which contains phosphoric acid, ammonia, or its equivalent in nitrogen.

Knowing now the interpretation of those terms, we may learn what the law deems “adulteration” of food.

(1) If any substance has been mixed with it so as to reduce, or lower or injuriously affect its quality or strength;

(2) If any inferior or cheaper substance has been substituted, wholly or in part for the article;

(3) If any valuable constituent of the article has been wholly or in part abstracted;

(4) If it is an imitation of, or is sold under the name of, another article;

(5) If it consists wholly or in part of a diseased or decomposed or putrid or rotten animal or vegetable substance, whether manufactured or not; or in the case of milk or butter, if it is the produce of a diseased animal, or of an animal fed upon unwholesome food;

(6) If it contains any added poisonous ingredient which may render such an article injurious to the health of the person consuming it.

The Act is equally exclusive in its treatment of drugs and fertilizers; but briefly—a drug is deemed adulterated if the standard of strength, quality or purity differs from that laid down in some recognized pharmacopœia, or is below the professed standard under which it is sold or offered or exposed for sale.

To the above, however, there are exceptions. For instance, anything not injurious to health may be added, if for some legitimate reason and not for fraudulent purposes. But the article must be “labelled as a mixture, forming an inseparable part of the general label, which shall also bear the name and address of the manufacturer.”

“Or—When the food or drug is a proprietary article or subject to a patent in force, it must come up to the specification of the patent.

“Or—When the food or drug is unavoidably mixed with some extraneous matter in the process of collection or preparation, or when articles of food not injurious to health are mixed together and sold as a compound, if they are distinctly labelled as a mixture with name and address of manufacturer,” they do not fall within the Act.

Those are laws laid down for manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers. But, of course, they don't obey the law if they can avoid it; so, in order to enforce the above and to determine when food is adulterated, a staff of analytical chemists, and also certain officers known as “food inspectors” are appointed by the Government.

These public analysts are appointed to certain districts co-terminous with the Inspection Districts of Inland Revenue, and are under the control of the Inland Revenue Department.

The head laboratories are in the west wing of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa under the supervision of the chief analyst, Mr. Thomas Macfarlane, a member of the Royal Society of Canada, and an ardent advocate for Imperial Federation.

From headquarters orders are issued to the food inspectors as to the quantity and description of article to be collected, the places of

collection, and the name of the analyst to whom these goods shall be sent for analysis.

The manner of collection of these samples is a matter requiring consideration and judgment, for if an article is found to be adulterated within the meaning of the Act, the vendor may be prosecuted; so all due precaution must be taken to prevent fraud on his part, and to keep the analyst in ignorance of the name of the vendor, so that neither fear nor favour shall be shown him.

For this purpose the Inspector procures from the vendor such articles of food, etc., as are not declared exempt from the Act, "either by purchasing them or by requiring the person in whose possession they are to show him and allow him to inspect all such articles, and to give him samples on payment or tender of the value of such samples."

The vendor must, under penalty, assist the inspector in performance of his duty.

When the officer has purchased an article, he signifies his intention to submit it to a public analyst for examination. Then a little scene sometimes occurs; the shopkeeper, evincing some slight excitement, exclaims:

"You did not tell me what you wanted it for; give it me back."

"I asked for coffee, and you sold me this."

"Do you expect pure coffee for twenty-five cents a pound? It's mixed of course."

"I did not ask for mixed coffee, and this is not labelled 'mixed.' I must forward it to the Department with the name under which you sold it."

So in spite of protests the Inspector forthwith divides the article into three parts, seals and labels each, then delivers one to the vendor, who is free to have it analyzed by a competent person of his own choice; the second he transmits to the chief analyst, who in case of dispute makes an analysis and gives the final judgment; and the third is forwarded to the public analyst of the district, unless otherwise ordered.

In the hands of the analyst it undergoes a systematic examination, to find if it comes up to the prescribed standard, and is free from deleterious matter. There is no haphazard "experimenting," as it is called by the laity, who seem to imagine fondly that the chemist puts some of the substance in a test tube, and adds whatever lies nearest to his hand, just to see what will happen. A variety of phenomena might occur without assisting the chemist in passing judgment as to the quality of his sample.

Certain standards are fixed for the various articles which come within *The Adulteration Act*, and the analyst judges by the result of his examination whether or not those standards are reached. A separate certificate is forwarded to the Chief Analyst for each sample, and on it are recorded each separate determination made; as, in the case of coffee for instance, the moisture, ash, caffeine, specific gravity of a definite decoction, the microscopic examination, etc. Then an opinion is given as to its being genuine or adulterated; and in the latter case, whether the adulteration is injurious to health or not.

The results of the work done on one class of article by all the Public Analysts are finally compiled and printed in the form of a bulletin for public distribution. They are sent to the manufacturers and vendors of, and to all those in any way concerned with the articles mentioned in the bulletin; copies of which are sent to each Inland Revenue Officer, who is expected to supply any person in his district who may require one. By this means the distribution is widespread and general.

That which was done in secret is thus published from the house-tops, with the name and address of the doer. If he has done well he is proud to see "genuine" printed after the analysis of his article; but if he has done ill, and "adulteration" is the verdict, his opinion of the Government and Public Analysts sinks to zero, and his mind is exercised to find excuses, or to explain away the taint.

The publication of bulletins is the great factor in suppressing food adulteration. Human nature is frail and prone to err, but shrinks from exposure of its errors. Its little weaknesses and innocent deceptions look so different in print; there is no apologetic smile to soften them, nor equivocal explanation to be given. They stand in the bulletin on their own merits—such cold *facts*. But it is wonderful how hot human nature sometimes becomes at such chilly sights, when it reflects that its friends and customers are gazing on the same icy statements, and are likely to be influenced thereby in their future purchases.

Beside the education of the public by means of bulletins, adulteration is discouraged by the prosecution which frequently follows. If the person accused be found guilty, he is fined; and should the adulteration be of a nature injurious to health, he is subject to a penalty of from ten to fifty dollars for the first offence, and from fifty to two hundred for subsequent infringement. The penalty is lighter where the adulteration is not deemed injurious to health, not exceeding thirty dollars for the first offence, and ranging from fifty to one

hundred for subsequent infringement. Costs are always included and confiscation of the condemned goods.

It is rather amusing to learn that some months ago Lord Rayleigh, the great English chemist of Argon fame, was summoned to the Police Court on a charge of adulterating milk, for which offence he was duly fined and cautioned. No doubt his attention is more directed to scientific pursuits than to the inspection of every can of milk going from his large dairy farm; but as proprietor he is of course responsible for his agents' delinquencies.

The following are the districts to which Public Analysts have been appointed; British Columbia, Dr. Fagan; Winnipeg, Dr. Kenrick; London, Mr. F. Harrison; Toronto, Dr. W. H. Ellis, so well known about the School of Science and 'Varsity; Kingston, Dr. Valade, whose office, however, is at Ottawa; Montreal, Mr. J. B. Edwards; Quebec, Dr. Fiset; New Brunswick, Mr. W. F. Best; Nova Scotia and P.E.I., Mr. Bowman.

The staff at Ottawa consists of Mr. Thos. Macfarlane, chief analyst; Mr. A. McGill, a graduate of Toronto; Mr. F. W. Babington and Mr. Tournhot.

EDITH M. CURZON, B.A.



## Glimpses of England, France and Germany.



N recalling the pleasures of a few months spent in Europe there are glimmerings in memory's store which, unimportant in themselves, flash forth and lighten up the whole remembrance of one's trip. The writer hopes she will be pardoned if, dazzled by their brilliancy, she does not describe, but leaves to an abler pen the more æsthetic and intellectual delights such as architecture, natural scenery and historical associations.

For some reason, Stratford-on-Avon holds the kindest place in one's affection for the old country. But the prettiest part of this famous district is Anne Hathaway's cottage. I am sure Shakespeare must have loved the walk through the waving fields, past the green hedges, over to the homely little thatched cottage, stopping perhaps at the pump quite surrounded by flowers, for a refreshing draught. An old woman over eighty years of age, the "last relic" of the Hathaway family, showed us through the house, and shaking our hands told us how she had clasped the hands of men like Holmes, Longfellow, General Grant and others, so that it seemed as if the presence of these men was even yet lingering near. The plain old bench is still by the fireside where, they say, Anne and Will spun many a lover's yarn, quite beyond the powers of biographers to disentangle.

In the church where Shakespeare is buried, one old man was earning his daily bread by taking upon strips of paper the impression of the well known epitaph on the slab over the grave. Looking around the church we chanced to read these inscriptions on the musty mildewed memorial tablets :

"What bad you saw in me, pray strive to shun  
And look to home, there's something to be done."

And :—

"Here born, here lived, here died and buried here,  
Lieth Richard Hill, thrice bailley of this borough.  
Two matrons of good fame, he married in God's fear,  
And now, released in joy, he rests from worldly sorrow."

In connection with Stratford, rather a surprising incident occurred at London. There was a young lady from Liverpool, whose papa had brought her to see the Great City for the first time, staying at an hotel with a number of Americans. Hearing them talking very



Exeter Cathedral  
North side of Choir.  
A Glimpse in England.





warmly about Shakespeare, she innocently enquired of me if he were an American.

On our way to Liverpool we stayed for a few days at the quaint little town of Chester, on the river Dee. The walls of the historic town are still standing and it was a great treat to walk around them, stopping off at the towers, where a fluent but ignorant guide described like a piece of wound up machinery the battle fought on the plains in the reign of William I. Being in Chester on Sunday we drove out to Hawarden, the home of the Gladstone family and had the pleasure of attending their service. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone was the Rector and conducted the service. As Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were driving home, (and the latter, although seventy-five years old, held the reins, the footman sitting behind) she turned to her daughter and enquired for the old lady whom she had driven home on the previous Sunday; but quickly espying her among the crowd, she asked her to come and drive with them, for which the old lady (apparently quite poor) seemed very grateful. Gladstone looked just like his photographs, even to the buttonhole bouquet, but he seemed to be tired of having strangers stare at him, and lift their hats as he passed.

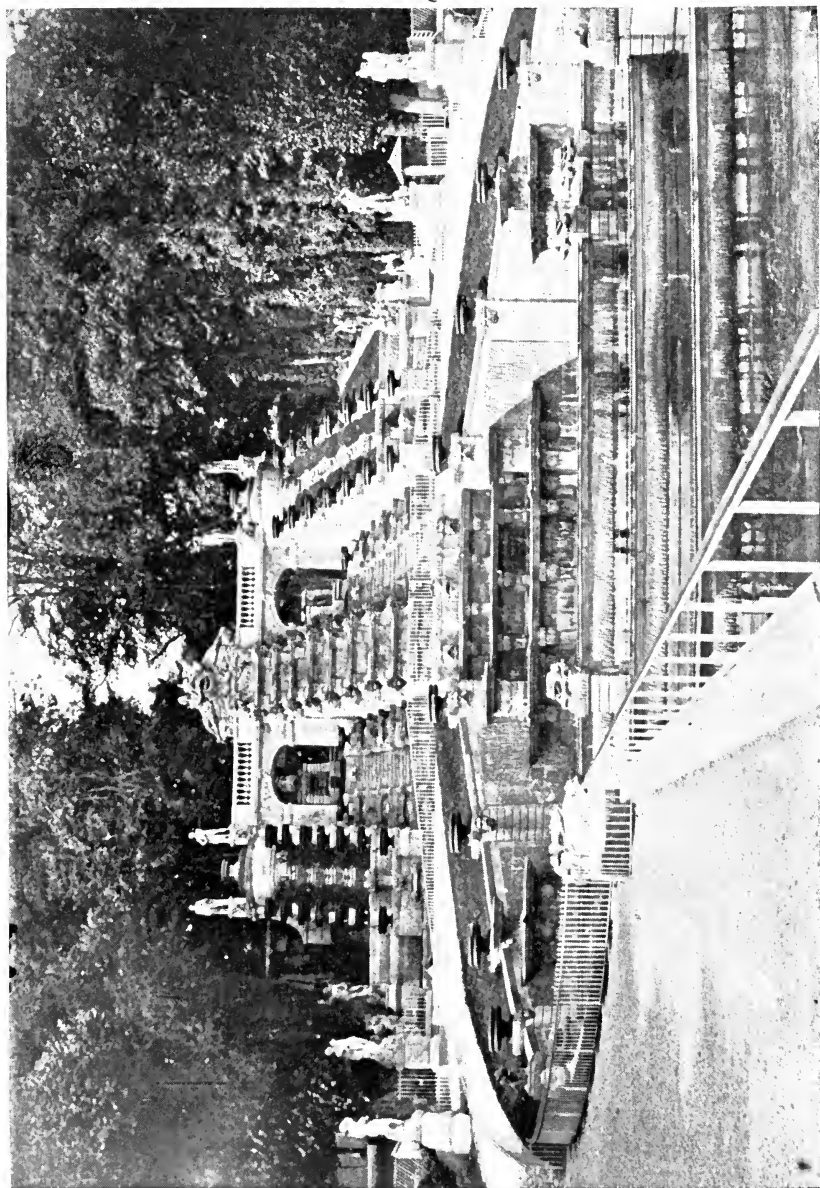
But how different from these picturesque little towns, brimful of soul stirring reminiscences, are the mining districts of England. We visited the Merton coal mines near Sunderland and were invited to explore the regions below, where we were allowed even a glimpse of the fiery furnace. We were first provided with a Davy safety lamp, which guided our faltering footsteps and served as a pass word on our return journey, for we were allowed to leave when we wished. Down, down we went in a very crude elevator called a lift, over fourteen hundred feet into the earth. Never before did we feel such black dismal darkness. It seemed even to pierce our ears. Through passage after passage we groped, all bent over, there not being room to stand erect. Occasionally we passed some men, with faces almost as dark as their surroundings, picking away at the coal rocks. The relief to get out of such a dark, damp, unwholesome country can better be imagined than expressed. These poor miners working so hard for so small pay are quite as happy and far kinder hearted than many of their better favoured brothers. They live in rows of attached cottages, built on narrow streets, which have one living room answering for laundry, kitchen, dining room and parlour. But it is here the stranger gets the ideal afternoon tea: thin bread and butter, seed cake and a refreshing cup of tea, quite as inviting as, and lacking only in the artificial formality of, our more fashionable afternoon entertainment.

Having space to mention only a few incidents which I think inter-

esting, I must hurry across the channel and give a few first impressions of the Continent. We were in Paris on the glorious fourteenth of July and saw the beautiful city in all its grandeur. It is the day of the National Fete and the Grand Review of the French troops, and commemorates the fall of the Bastille. The pale stone buildings gave the city a radiantly clean appearance, and row after row of incandescent lights ornamented the street and fronts of large buildings, until at night you would think your childhood's dreams were realized, and that you had reached fairy land. Liberty was unrestrained. Even the policeman's authority was annulled, and cabmen were allowed to charge what they pleased. The citizens seemed proud of their freedom, for we detected little disorder and did not see one intoxicated person. The squares on the streets were filled with careless young couples dancing to street music. Care and sorrow seemed to have abandoned the city for the day. In the afternoon the troops were reviewed before President Faure.

Soldiers seem the connecting link between France and Germany for both countries are filled with them. In Germany everything was strange. Even the children talked in German, and we could not understand them. In the train the conductor came to look at our tickets, and seemed angry because we did not know what he wanted. His face got very red and he talked faster and louder, until someone told us to show our tickets. I feel quite sure that all the words he used could not be found in any authorized dictionary. Queer things happened all the way from Flushing to Berlin. Little boys ran beside the train, when we were passing through stations, turning handsprings until a passenger threw out a penny, and then there was a great scramble to decide who should have it. When we arrived at Oberhausen, we were told to turn our watches on an hour. It seemed a pity to waste so much time, but we got it back on our return trip. We had our dinner here, and, being very thirsty, I wanted a drink of water, but when we said "Wasser" to the waiter he looked quite bewildered and turning to some one near, said "Ob die Dame sich baden will?" I learned afterwards that Germans as a rule drink beer with their meals, and indeed one person told me that water was used solely for cleansing purposes, and that anyone found drinking it was liable to be arrested. What odd customs there are in foreign countries!

The Sunday which we spent in Berlin seemed quite like a holiday. No one seemed able to tell us where there was a church where service was held, but perhaps we did not ask the right ones. We spent the day in the Zoological Garden. There were happy gatherings of



36-1  
Cascades of  
St. Cloud.  
A Glimpse in France.



people listening to the beautiful music given by some of the best military bands. The women had their fancy work, the men their cigars, while the children amused themselves watching the animals, throwing pennies to the elephants to see them dance, or to get a ride on their backs.

The German people whom we met were exceedingly kind and courteous. They acted as if we were doing them a favour by visiting their country, and succeeded in making us very comfortable. They spoke whatever English they knew and laughed at none of our attempts to speak German, but said quite heartily "sehr gut." One day when we had been doing some shopping, as we were leaving the store, the clerk graciously opened the door saying "good-bye," which must have been the extent of his English vocabulary. At times it was awkward not to understand the language; for instance, I was invited out to luncheon, but the only member of the family who could speak English was unavoidably absent. The hostess' English was as fluent as my German, when she ventured a remark I could only smile, and vice versa. But soon growing tired of this, we contented ourselves with making motions and smiling and smiling—I never realized before what pleasant time women could have without talking.

The second day I was in Germany I fell quite in love with the country, for I saw a number of carriages with "frei" marked on them and of course thought they gave people free drives, when I mentioned the fact to someone he laughed; but I don't see why he should expect a foreigner to know that "frei" means disengaged and not "free." The drivers looked most disreputable, their liveries were so shabby, but they don't whip the horses like they do in France; and there was no haggling about the price, for there is a sort of cyclometer in the carriage which indicates how far you have driven and how much you have to pay.

The lower classes of women in Germany have a very hard time. Even there we could see traces of the Eastern customs. It is quite an ordinary occupation for a woman to carry hods of bricks up a ladder; and one day we saw a most pitiful sight: through one of the main streets of Berlin a woman and a dog harnessed together to a cart, were dragging a heavy load.

The omnipresence of the soldiers, seems to a New World mind a great restraint upon the people's liberty. Boys have to put in their term of service before they become of age. One little messenger boy in the hotel came to our room one night and asked us to take him to Canada, so that he wouldn't have to serve his time in the army. And what seemed most unlike England was, that the people were afraid to

express their own opinion about the Emperor. One night when we were dining in a beautiful beer garden, we chanced to pass some remark which might be construed as detrimental to His Majesty, when our host motioned us to speak lower, so that no one could hear or there might be trouble.

## In the Forest



THE music, oh the music ! In the forest grey and dim,  
When the twilight lends its shadows, and the faltering  
evening hymn  
Of the birdies and the insects, mingles with the rustling  
sway

Of the leaves and lithsome rushes, moved by zephyrs on their way.

The beauty, oh the beauty ! In the forest still and bright,  
When the sun sends forth his laughing beams to greet the morning  
light ;  
When the first sweet notes of coming life are heralded afar,  
'Ere from the heavens serene and calm fades the gleam of 'the morn-  
ing star.

The stillness, oh the stillness ! In the forest dull and warm,  
When noontide's sultry air scarce moves each leaflet's drooping form,  
When quiet reigns and woodland mirth seems loth to wake once-  
more,  
And e'en the waters hush their voice as they softly kiss the shore.

JESSIE FORREST.

## The Attic.



DEEP down in every one's heart there is a tender feeling for the attic—that simplest room of the house, the room nearest the clouds. Too often, however, this feeling is killed in the pomp and vanity of the world, and the more elaborate rooms, decked out in all their beauty, claim all the attention; and the simple, unadorned, homely one is left alone and neglected.

Some people there are—and their number is unfortunately increasing—who say they cannot understand how any one likes an attic room. How much they have missed! But it seems to be one of the signs of our material times—the attic has given place to the kitchen. What with our pure food exhibits, our whole wheat lectures, and our cooking classes, methinks we are in danger of becoming veritable Touchstones, material fools!

The attic is the only room where a man can be really alone with his thoughts, where he can think his thoughts, dream his dreams, rejoice, weep, or pray, unmolested by the gaping indifferent. We are all too much with people, and from the habit of hiding our feelings from the world, we become strangers to ourselves. In the empty whirl of city life how hard a task it is to obey Plato's injunction: "Know thyself!" To read the columns of our daily papers is enough to make the gods weep; and, still, the height of the ambition of many is to see their names figuring in the society columns, with little remarks after them that they "looked charming," that their costumes were "chic," and so forth and so forth. The innate affection for the attic in those is, I fear, almost, if not wholly, smothered—such people dread being alone.

Could all the attics speak, what tales they could tell—tales of rejoicing, of happy dreaming, of hope and of love; but tales, too, of sorrow, of weeping, disappointment and despair! Most men pass through stages of which the world knows nothing and cares less. But the room where these struggles have taken place, the room that has been, as it were, our confidant, never ridiculing our joy or our grief, becomes endeared to our hearts forever.

Again, this room being at the top of the house, appeals to us all, for naturally we are all conscious of a striving upwards, towards heaven, which is the attic of the world. This desire to be rising always may be beaten down and almost blotted out; but there it is, the expression of the Godlike that is in every man, who awaits the time,

“When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.”

So the room which is nearest heaven appeals to the best that is in each one of us. Thomas Hood, in his tender way, has expressed somewhat the same thought :

“I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their tender tops  
Were close against the sky :  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.”

High up above the busy world a philosopher may sit, the companion of the clouds, nay, even of the stars, and philosophize to his heart's content. Who has not read Carlyle's description of the life-circulation of the city, which he puts into the mouth of his Clothes-Philosopher, sitting in his attic, watching the giddy whirl beneath ? That description is one of the grandest pieces of literature ever written, and contains food for meditation for a lifetime. The sage of Chelsea had felt the influence of an attic room ; and time and time again, we find his most eloquent passages descriptive of thoughts and feelings kindled by the influence of his companions—the clouds, the winds, and the stars.

Emile Souvestre, with the love of the true Frenchman for beauty, goes into ecstasies over the sublime beauty of the sunsets, and, indeed, of all nature, as viewed from his “Chambre sous les toits.”

And every school child has been enticed by the freshness and genuine ring of pleasure in Thackeray's poem : “The Cane-bottom'd Chair.”

“In tatter'd old slippers, that toast at the bars,  
And a ragged old jacket, perfumed with cigars,  
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,  
I've a snug little kingdom, up four pairs of stairs.

“To mount to this realm is a toil to be sure,  
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure ;  
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day  
Is grand through the chimney pots over the way.”

But enough ! In the literature of the Past, there are many passages, singing the praises of this upper room, which once known is loved, once loved is loved for aye. May the writers and thinkers of every age continue to sing thy praises—dear, faithful old attic !

MARY ARD MACKENZIE.



## Result : Strained Relations.



THE warmth and glory of the passing August were already sobered by the shadow of nearing autumn. The lake was calm and clear. As we sat on the shore skimming stones, we talked of college pleasures, college ambitions, college friendships. It was quite incidentally Belle remarked that Jack Blank, of "ninety-odd," would be up by the steamer this evening; but the trivial mention cleared my mind for the discussion on modern vs. Shakespearean sonnets on which we had entered; for, to own the truth, my attention had been hitherto imperfect, owing to a continued sub-conscious query as to the reason for Belle's white duck skirt and new organdie waist. (Any of our honour philosophy girls will explain the psychical disturbance for you.)

Tired at last of so aimlessly spending our time, soon to fade into memory, and chancing to see the skiff lying farther up on the beach, "Belle," I cried, "I am going boating, and if you will come, we can fish."

Belle was one of those girls who never feel safe behind a horse or on the water, or, for the matter of that, almost anywhere, without a man. Stung, at last, however, by my sarcasm on a Sophomore's bravery, she consented to come, first stipulating that I should haul in and kill any fish which we might chance to catch. There was a universe of unlikelihood in that "chance," for our hook was broken and bent, and our faith slim. I promised, however, and she daintily stepped into the stern; I seized an oar and boldly shoved off. "Remember your promise," she exclaimed, as she slowly and reluctantly let out the line.

It was a perfect day for a row, and Belle's fear was fast fading. Suddenly her face blanched and her hand shook as she cried :

"A fish is on the line."

"Pull it in," I answered.

"I can't; here take it."

"You'll lose it if you don't hurry."

With much fear and trembling she got it to the side of the boat; and encouraged by me, with a superhuman effort she landed a ten-pound fish—for this is no fish story. No sooner was the creature

safely pulled in, than it slipped off the hook and flopped awkwardly round the boat—once right into Belle's lap. With a scream she shook it off, and, on the verge of tears, reminded me of my promise. "Oh kill it, do, the horrid, slimy thing."

I racked my brain to remember what our professor in biology had told us of the vital points of fish anatomy, or even what our fencing master had said concerning a lunge with intent to kill; and I recklessly said, "Hit it on the head, here's a stick, I can't leave the oars." She hit it again and again, and still it flopped. In desperation I turned the boat for home and once more offered her advice, "Strike it on the back."

"I've struck it everywhere, and it won't die."

By this time she was dissolved in tears. An extra high leap—for it was a fish which had taken lessons in physical culture—signified the truth of her statement; and, afraid of losing our prize, I suggested shipping the rudder and securing the fish with it. This was soon done; and, with the rudder holding the fish and Belle's feet holding the rudder, I rowed homeward.

Our first sight as we approached the wharf was of a man—a college man—seated book in hand. Was it Plato's republic? His glance fell on us, a pitiful sight. He helped us land, two forlorn girls—college girls—with a fish, or rather what had once been a fish. He finished killing it and Belle sobbed with relief.

The boat presented the appearance and odour of a slaughter house; and Belle—her white duck and dainty organdie were spattered with gore. A large red mark showed where the fish had reposed for one brief moment. Hurriedly she disappeared in the direction of the cottage, hardly deigning to glance at me. Why such indignation I don't know; do you?



## A Sketch of the Women's Literary Society.



THE Literary Society is the most prominent organization among the women undergraduates of University College. Its membership does not consist of a clique, nor of any special group of students ; on the contrary, according to its constitution every regular attendant at lectures is a part of it "without nomination or election." The rules governing the conduct of this body are so liberal and comprehensive that it forms the common meeting ground for those whose occupations differ considerably during the week.

Since it is our representative student body it is befitting that the Literary Society should have some distinguishing features. Some of these may be seen in the outward circumstances attending the meetings. These occasions afford the girls most of their rare glimpses into that very distant promised land, the gymnasium. On alternate Saturday evenings groups of members may be seen advancing from various directions towards the Students' Union, which hall is deserted for the time being by its usual denizens. It is noteworthy also that this is the only association among the women collegians that assembles in the evening. Here it has a distinct advantage over its sister clubs, because meetings held in the late afternoon hours are apt to be poorly attended. As for the work accomplished by the Society, it is the epitome of what is done by the various minor organizations, and embraces all sides of student life from grave to gay.

The pressure of university life seems to be getting too high when good programmes, such as are offered by the societies attached to the various departments, are scarcely given a hearing. Judging from the reports in 'Varsity, the Literary Society in connection with the men students has little interest for its members unless, there is some special discussion taking place. Fortunately our side of the house has not yet reached the stage of being bored by itself. Our bi-monthly meetings always possess interest for the undergraduates, or it may be that courtesy leads the members to see that a proper audience should receive those who are kind enough to lend their talents for our benefit. To maintain the popularity of this Society the Executive Committee always endeavours to present an attractive bill of fare to its patrons. Debates are usually on questions immediately concerned with colle-

giate life—such as: the best location for a university, the advantages of travel compared with a college course, and other problems which might arise in the minds of thoughtful students.

Again, from time to time, representations have been given from standard drama, such as scenes from "As You Like It," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Rivals." In these latter no attempt is made to compete with the acting profession. Our aim is to give selections from the best authors in such a way that they may be both instructive and amusing, while affording practice in declamation to those taking part. Musical numbers of various kinds are rendered by the members, many of whom are skilled performers, and all have the additional charm of being always willing to lend their assistance in making proceedings more interesting. Reports—literary, scientific or political—form the last staple of our ordinary programme.

There are several functions, moreover, which are the special business of this organization. The first of these, and that which confronts the President when she is still very nervous about the recently acquired powers, is the pleasant duty of welcoming the new students to their future academic home. This has always been a delightfully informal affair, one where the undergraduates, distinguished only by their badges, may mingle freely and make each other's acquaintance. When the writer was one of these buds of college society, this reception was held in the cosy parlours of the University Young Men's Christian Association, a long tea-table was spread and all the girls sat down together, with the exception of some seniors, who were officiating as waiters. But as the numbers grew larger, and the happy suggestion of inviting the wives of the professoriate of University College was adopted, more commodious quarters had to be secured, until now the East Hall, together with our own two rooms, is not found too big.

This entertainment is highly valued among the girls for various reasons. To begin with, this is usually the first social that the new student attends in College, and therefore it makes a decided impression. This occasion also affords the best opportunity to meet those of the other years, and in the different departments; some of whom, owing to the course they are pursuing, see little of the other women undergraduates during lecture hours. We have often been accused of imitating the students of the sterner sex in all our enterprises. But surely we have here a decidedly feminine idea. If rumour speaks truth the welcome extended by the older men to the freshmen is possibly warmer, but certainly not more hearty.

The second social effort of the Women's Literary Society takes

the form of a reception held in honour of the Faculty. This is an attempt on the part of the women undergraduates to show their appreciation of the many graceful and kindly acts of the professors and lecturers in patronizing our societies and entertaining us in their own homes. The past successes of this function in bringing the teacher and pupil more closely together are certainly evidences of the desirability of such an "at home" being held. If, as is charged, too many entertainments are held under college auspices, let this be among the last to be abandoned.

The closing scenes in the Literary Society each year are generally the most exciting. I refer to the annual elections. There is always keen competition for the offices on the Executive; indeed, even at the beginning of the Easter term rumours of intending candidates begin to be heard. The interest increases until finally, on the night of the voting, the active members of the Society, that is to say, those who have paid their fees, go about button-holing those who seem pliable and inducing them to vote for their favourites. Snatches of college songs and boxes of sweets fill in the intervals of counting the ballots, while cheers greet the announcement of the names of successful candidates. Finally when the long list of offices is filled and everybody is feeling the effects of the excitement and noise, the Retiring President leaves the chair and is called upon by the Vice-President for her parting address. Thus the session of the Literary Society is brought to a close.



## The Birth-gift of the Youngest Skye.



STEPHEN Skye had inherited from his father a farm in the County of Peterborough, and without having seen it, he had ventured to go thither after his marriage with Norah O'Connor, to establish their home.

He took this step because he had both confidence in his own strength and ability and a firm belief in the power of assistance which lay in his wife. They were alike young and vigorous, and alike they loved the earth, the level field, the meadow-land and hill-side. They took pleasure in the toil of cultivating the ground, they were, in short, willing husbandmen.

The farm had proved to be superior to any other in the neighbourhood, and fully justified their hope of gaining from it a livelihood. The house was happily situated on the lower slope of a pine-crowned hill which sheltered it to the north. It was made of stone, and though security and strength had been the chief aim of the builder, he must have cared instinctively for beauty, because the outline of the rough structure was very pleasing.

The new householders used their scant capital in purchasing what was quite necessary for indoor and outdoor equipment, investing as a slight reserve fund what remained. Then while Stephen busied himself in sowing the spring grain, his wife arranged their little rooms in a way that was first fitting and then as graceful and pretty as possible. The following winter was no less full of labour, for the property was overcrowded with trees, to the hewing down of which they hardened their hearts by dwelling on the good which would accrue to the survivors, and on the universal need of sacrifice.

Season by season they found in their lives an endless variety, for no sunrise ever seemed to be repeated, and each evening sky was different from the last. Their habit was to scan the east together from their chamber-window when they rose, and standing side by side with the fresh air in their faces whatever were the weather, to lift their matutinal prayer. So too at night no weariness or hunger kept them, when they were at home, from gazing forth together at the light which burned out in the west, the changing background of the pines that crowned the hill, and the falling darkness which was to them like a protection. An endless variety—for each spring day showed some

new flower in the woods, some added ear of green upon the fields. And every summer day had riper fruits and higher corn. And the successive days of autumn hung forth richer colours till all the leaves were gone. Whereon the snow time came with wealth of crystal shapes and icicled designs without, and long warm nights beside the fire within.

It is true their work often had the nature of routine, but they undertook it with such cheerful minds that its distasteful elements became subdued to a subordinate harmony.

In this way the years passed, and although they realized no fortune, they lacked little of their heart's desire. Great cause of joy had come with their four children, a passionate zeal for whose welfare was the form taken by the gratitude almost too great for them to express to each other. After the birth of their eldest son, whose name was proudly Stephen O'Connor Skye, they earnestly consulted each other on what might be his birth-gift. Money to procure one of sufficient value was not at hand, but Stephen, seldom baffled, decided to bestow upon the boy the finest of his horses.

"And we will teach him from the first," cried Norah, "that it is his own, and he will love it and be led to love all creatures."

"And when this horse grows too old for work" continued Stephen, "he shall let it peacefully decline, and we'll bestow on him again the finest that we have. It will be a continuous endowment in successive horses. And I hope," he added laughingly, "'twill make him love the occupation of his father."

A particularly fine harvest marked the first days of their second child, whose gift of welcome might have been some purchasable thing, had not Norah conceived another plan.

"Let us give him the birds," she said, "all the birds that share the land with us, and build their nests within our trees, they shall be his, particularly his to hear, think of and admire." And they called the boy Clement.

The children grew rapidly, showing when they were old enough remarkable appreciation of their respective gifts. Stephen became the fond associate of his horse, feeding it with regularity, gambolling about it, and lying when quite tired out with his small form stretched at ease upon its back. And Clement, taught from the beginning, displayed a marvellous skill with birds, whistling their songs and taking such interest in their lives that they rewarded him with recognition, the wild birds perching on his shoulders as fearlessly as on the branches of the trees.

Stephen and Norah meanwhile preserved the order of their life as

it had been from the first, nor did the little ones disturb in any way their mutual dependence on each other's love. And this unaltering character of their affection they emblemized in the daughter who was born to them, naming her Constance. For her birth-gift she received the little lake which was a lovely feature of the farm. Fed by a stream that leaped down the hill-side, it kept its measure of water, as Stephen pointed out to his wee girl, and let the rest pass on into the thirsting fields. The lake, which had been always full of pleasure, now became enchanted. For scarcely a day went by without a procession in pomp of children, horse and birds to its flowery edge. They fancied there was some mysterious charm about its banks to soothe their minds and rest their limbs as soon as they approached them.

Although they early learned to glide over its clear expanse in the canoes their father had constructed, they always dipped their paddles with a certain awe, far removed from fear, of this strange yielding and yet buoyant substance sometimes a transparent green or blue, sometimes molten gold beneath the sun, becoming at twilight gray and shadowy, with perhaps a silver path across it when the moon arose.

And after it had been associated with Constance, this fair-skinned, wonderful person who had been willing to be their sister, the lake became even more potent as an object of reverence.

Despite the watchful care of her mother and father, the "lady of the lake" began to develop undesirable characteristics at the end of her third year. For she had two slaves who gloried in their bondage and whose eager desire to shield her from every form of roughness, whether of wind, or uneven ground, or of the sandy strawberry, or of the uncracked nut, or of the nature of the game, or of the temper of her mind, tended to lessen for her the value of smoothness. And since they always did as she pleased, she began to think the normal order of events synchronized with her pleasure.

It was during this imminence of moral ruin that the youngest Skye joined the family. His utter helplessness in the beginning made Constance feel that she could move the world. His inability to procure anything he wanted aroused in her a sense of responsibility about his wants. And the assistance she was accustomed only to receive she learned to give. Although her elder brothers never changed their allegiance to her, they also felt the claim upon their manly strength of this new member. But the youngest Skye soon proved himself to be a doughty baby and quickly passed from a position exciting pity to one compelling admiration. He manifested his desire to be a protector, and his impressed relations grew to regard him as one of those characters who are the least susceptible to evil. As the



last of his particular circle to enter into life, he seemed to be animated by a worthy ambition to overtake the others in every line, not for the pride, but for the usefulness and joy of it.

He came at Christmas time and his birth-gift was the spruce tree. The impressiveness of the gift could only be felt by those who could see it—a large black spruce standing between the roadway and the house. It was without an imperfection; its strong straight trunk, unswerving as virtue, rose to an unusual height, and amply over the ground it spread its lower branches, gradually diminishing in breadth as they mounted the aspiring line until they sank away into the apex. And all its dark green aromatic boughs were cognizant of every wind, and ever in harmonious mood to thrill and whisper with the South, or stir with more emphatic answers to the West.

And Stephen and Norah Skye, finding in all things symbols, prayed that the life of their last child might be large, symmetrical and true like the spruce of their donation.

They had reached a period of some prosperity; their slight original reserve fund had become no mean amount; gradually they gathered about them new objects of grace and meaning, and thought of happy plans of benefit for themselves and others.

With a sense of this high tide of their life, they called him Victor, and he seemed to justify the name. His eyes were of a luminous gray with strange dark radii from the pupil to the edge of the iris, his hair was thick and tawny, and his frame was strong. Had it not been for his appearance of health and brightness, the gravity and significance of his manners even when his firm round legs had scarcely mastered the art of equilibrium, would have been alarming. He speedily grew in demand in the household, and wherever the curls of his dignified head came bobbing, auxiliary force was felt.

He shared with the others their love and delight in horses and birds and water, but his devotion to trees, and especially the spruce, was quite supreme. He had counted and named the pines upon the hill, he knew the slightest differences between the poplars that bordered the kitchen-garden, he studied the orchard like a book, could tell exactly the location of every tree upon the farm, and beneath his own spruce he sat for rapturous meditation, looking up through its cool branches like an anachronistic devotee of old tree-cult. Indeed as the lake was the resort of pleasure, the spruce became the counsel place for all the children.

As the farm-house faced directly south and the spruce tree was directly in front of it, a pyramid of shade was thrown across the grass at noon on sunny days, its apex piercing a star-shaped bed of lilies-of-

the-valley. And here when weary of play the children sat exchanging their opinions, the fragrance of the lilies comforting them in spring-time. And on such occasions, the youngest Skye was filled with an instinctive hospitality, expressed on behalf of the spruce, urgently inviting any fraternal head or foot still in the sun, further within the protecting line.

The happiness which seemed to distinguish this simple family had never brought about forgetfulness of other claims. It is true there was some difference between them and the surrounding country-people, but it was a difference never emphasized by the Skyes and always overlooked by the others at any time of trouble.

One of the more intelligent and companionable farmers of the region regarded Stephen as his dearest friend, and such was the confidence between them that Stephen had not hesitated to become security for his neighbour in the matter of a very large sum of money, a sum representing in fact his own entire capital.

By unforeseen disasters the farmer was rendered unable to meet the payment of the bond when it was due, and the obligation passed to Stephen. It was a severe blow, and the first of a series that spread over two years—reverses following reverses—with a regularity which made them almost expected.

It became necessary to live with strict economy, which they endeavoured to do without changing the atmosphere of their home. But although their efforts were not unsuccessful, they could not keep the care from showing in their faces; and the children noted their anxiety, connecting it with the decreased expenditure, and speaking of it privately to one another. The youngest Skye alone ventured to refer to their straitened circumstances before his parents. He told them with innocent gravity of bearing that he knew they were becoming poorer, and that he and his brothers and his sister intended to give them all the assistance in their power.

The autumn of his seventh year had been preceded by the complete failure of their crops from bad weather, and found them about to face a winter which they feared. One bleak November afternoon Stephen entered the sitting-room earlier than was his wont, and stood beside his wife, whose busy hands relaxed at once. He stooped and drew her up into his arms, asking in a tone that struggled with despair :

“What do you think of it all, my wife?”

And Norah, looking into his eyes where she had long since seen the promise of her earthly joy, where she had learned to see the promise of a joy that outlives life, answered :

"First, that since no wrong-doing led to our misfortunes they should press less heavily upon us. Next, that since we have our children and ourselves, they are not vital. Finally, that before our persevering work they must give way."

Meanwhile outside the youngest Skye was standing with his hand upon his spruce tree, thinking of their difficulties too. The ground was hard and dry, and the air was frosty. Finding that his feet were cold, he put them into rapid motion, making for the roadway. As he collided with the gate, a man who was passing in a gig, drew up his horse.

"Well, youngster!" he said, while his glance swept rapidly over as much of the farm as lay in range. He was stoutly built and apparently of middle age, with dark alert eyes and a pleasant health-crimsoned face.

"Good afternoon, sir!" responded the youngest Skye.

"That's a fine spruce you have there."

"It is."

"Upon my soul, I never saw a finer one. It's a regular landmark. 'T would be a crime to cut that down."

"I don't intend to!" remarked the child.

"You don't intend to!" exclaimed the stranger, removing his eyes from the spruce tree to the boy. "Are you the owner?"

"I am the owner."

"And of the whole estate?" the man asked, quizzically surveying the small creature.

"I am the owner only of the spruce, which was my birth-gift."

"Birth-gift!"

"What my parents gave me," the youngest Skye explained politely, "to show how glad they were to have me."

"Wouldn't you rather have had something else?"

The boy began with a quiver, "I would rather have it than——"

"All the money that couldn't buy it," interrupted the stranger with genial sympathy.

A sudden thought made the little fellow start and change colour.

"No," he said emphatically, "money could buy it."

"What, would you sell your birth-gift, meant to express your parents' love?"

"Yes," with determination.

"Why?"

"To—to—express my love, sir."

"Your parents wouldn't want you to sell it."

"No," said the child; then hesitating with a feeling of delicacy about disclosure, "but—but—they're worried about things."

The man gazed down at the youngest Skye, and after a moment's silence exclaimed:

"Well, I'll give you ten dollars for it. Ten dollars is a good sum, you know, for an ornamental tree."

"A—a—all right," cried the child, stammering in confusion.

Promptly producing a worn but bulky pocket-book, the vendee handed out the stipulated sum.

"Mind now," he said, "you can't dispose of that spruce until I send for it; but until I do, it is still your own."

"Will you please tell me, sir, when you will send for it, that I may tell my father?"

"Oh," replied the stranger, pursing his lips, "sometime early in the millennium."

"How soon will that be, sir?"

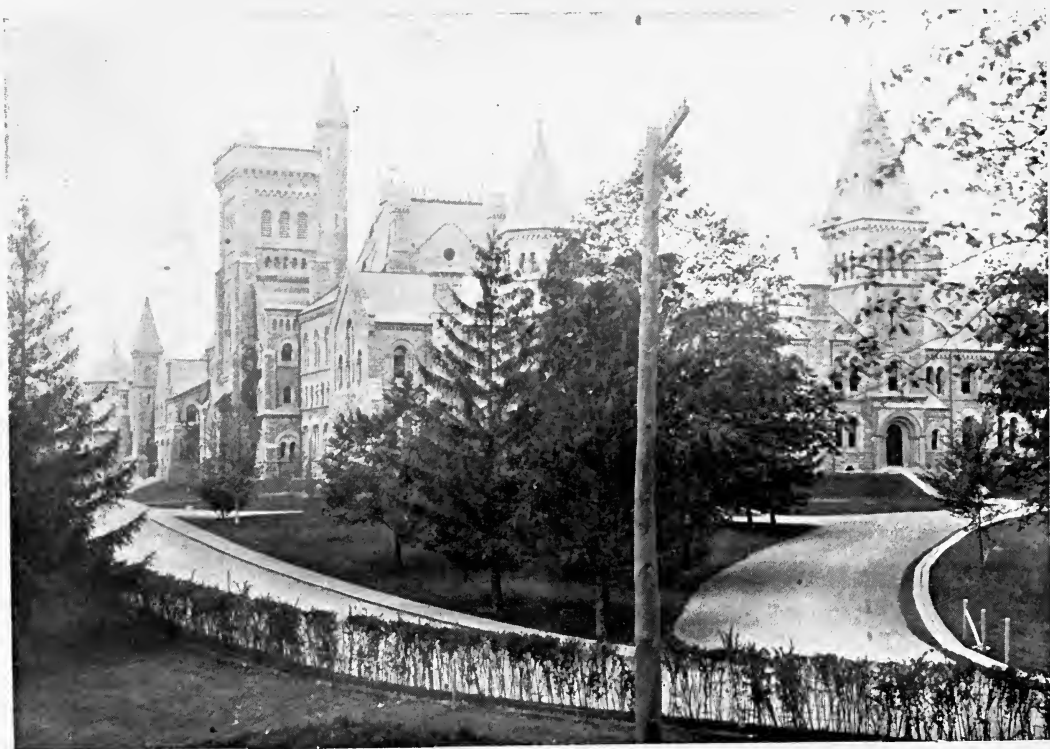
"I couldn't tell you the exact number of days, perhaps your father can. Good-by," and jerking the reins he drove on.

The youngest Skye darted up the path with his head averted from the spruce tree. He paused outside the sitting-room door to get some breath. Then entering, he said to his parents respectfully and without emotion:

"I sold my spruce tree for ten dollars, which I would like you both to please accept, and the gentleman is going to send for it early in the millennium."

E. A. D.





University College,  
from the South-East.



## "A Little Nonsense Now and Then."

A difficult thing to keep in the Library—A cool head.

A *plucky* thing to do—Get up for an examination without cramming.

A genuine specimen of "frozen meat"—The cold shoulder.

### PROBLEM IN ECONOMICS.

Professor—What classes are most dependent on the soil?

Clever Student—The washerwoman and the glove-cleaner.

A freshman wants to know whether the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands are called the Fijits. Reward for immediate answer.

Statistics of skating—Figures on the ice.

Advice for Residence men—Never leave cold for to-morrow, what you can eat hot to-day.

The most musical room in 'Varsity is said to be the room of Keys.

Professor—What does Sarah Bernhardt live on?

French Student—French rôles.

### ATTENTIVE STUDENT IN TRIGONOMETRY ON MONDAY MORNING.

Professor—Any questions this morning?

Student—What is the cosine of Noah's ark?

### FRESHMAN'S NOTICE FOR BULLETIN BOARD.

Lost—between Hoskin Avenue and the Library, the key of a self-winding watch. Finder rewarded on returning to — '01.

## Fellowships for Women in Four American Seats of Learning.



Of those of our women students who look upon an undergraduate course as a mere introduction to the serious work of learning, it may be of interest to learn something of the openings in a few of the universities of our southern neighbours for women graduates desirous of pursuing their studies beyond the modest limit of a B.A. More than one of our graduates, by winning a fellowship there, has made the name of Bryn Mawr College familiar to our ears already. There thirteen fellowships altogether are offered for competition among women graduates of any universities whose degrees are recognized at Bryn Mawr. Of these fellowships eleven, valued at five hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece, are divided one to each of the following subjects: Greek, Latin, English, German and Teutonic philology, Romance languages, history or political science, philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology. The holding of such a fellowship involves residence in the college and assistance in the conduct of examinations, but no other work which might interfere with the fellow's own studies. The two remaining fellowships, valued at five hundred dollars each, are designed to cover the expenses of one year's study and residence at some European university. They are open to graduate students enrolled at Bryn Mawr as candidates for a Ph.D. degree. One is awarded in the first year of graduate work, the other after two years. All these are conferred annually. In addition five graduate scholarships, value two hundred dollars each, may be awarded to the candidates ranking next to those who win the fellowships. All applications for these establishments must be made by the 15th April preceding the year for which they are desired. Last year the fellowship in German and Teutonic philology was held by a Victoria University B.A. of '91 from Cobourg, Ont.; that in history by a Toronto graduate of '96.

In Chicago University women enjoy the same privileges with regard to fellowships, etc., as men. There are eighty regular fellowships and graduate scholarships, divided into four equal groups: First, fellowships of the value of five hundred and twenty dollars each annually, out of which university fees are to be paid; second, the



same, but valued at three hundred and twenty dollars ; third, graduate fellowships equal to the fees for three quarters ; fourth, scholarships valued at one hundred and twenty dollars each. Winners of these are expected to help in the instruction of the university or of affiliated colleges, in reading the examination papers, or in the libraries, etc., the time of such service being limited to one-sixth of the fellow's whole time. Applications for these fellowships must be made by March 1st. Besides the foregoing, some half-dozen special fellowships are offered by individuals or other colleges ; but the number and value of these are not necessarily the same from year to year.

The University of Pennsylvania sets apart a special building for the graduate department for women. Women holding fellowships are required to live in residence. There are three offered annually for the term of one year each, though an appointment may be twice renewed. This year's catalogue shows that of these, one was last held by a Hamiltonian, a '95 graduate of Toronto University, and another by a Torontonion of the same class. These fellowships cover tuition fees, board and lodging, with twenty-five dollars extra. The scholarships also provide free tuition in the " Department of Philosophy," which includes subjects similar to our Arts department, for women studying to become teachers.

Wellesley College, Mass., offers thirty graduate scholarships to the value of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year to approved candidates for an M.A. degree, the annual fees for resident graduates being four hundred.

The above-mentioned establishments are all open to women graduates of universities and colleges whose standard is accepted by the institutions which offer them, such graduates being able to show evidence of sufficient scholarship and good character to secure them against the keen competition they must experience in attempting to win them. It is evident from the lists published by these colleges that the reputation of Toronto University is being well kept up by its graduates abroad ; and it is to be hoped that there are now amongst us women who will continue the honourable record that our predecessors have begun.

[Ed.]

## The Victorian Era Ball.



**W**HEN Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen invited the women of the University of Toronto to take part in her fancy-dress ball which was to represent various phases of the progress made in the Victorian Era, they felt that a great honour had been done them, and that every possible effort should be made to comply with Her Excellency's request. It was indeed a memorable occasion, and the scene was well nigh indescribable ; but it is perhaps possible to give a general idea of how the transformation of that great, bare building, the Armories, into a pretty hall, filled with brightly and beautifully dressed people, was effected.

The building was divided into two parts of almost equal size, one the supper-room, the other the ball-room,—both of them walled in with white bunting. The posts supporting the bunting were decorated in pink and green, and from one to the other were hung rows of evergreen, while incandescent lights with globes of ground glass, peeping from the green, shed a soft light over all. At the north side opposite the entrance, was the dais erected for the vice-regal party. At the back of this was scenery representing the balcony of a palace, through which throngs of people, entering and leaving the dais, passed during the evening. On the dais were the chairs of their Excellencies, covered with a canopy, while at the top, in front, the screen between the three arches was decorated with evergreens and red electric lights, forming in the middle a crown with the letters V.R.I. above it, on one side the date 1837, on the other 1897. The groups of three arches in the middle of the other sides of the room were decorated in a similar manner with evergreens, and had respectively the words *Canada*, *India* and *Africa*, written upon them,—Canada occupying the side opposite the dais. All round the dancing floor were rows of steps, covered with green linen, sloping backwards towards the top, where a gallery encircled the hall. These were only the most prominent of the decorations ; but every detail was so perfectly arranged that the whole appearance of the ball-room presented a scene not easily forgotten.

When the University sets entered the room, nearly all who were to dance in the fancy dances were already seated. The seats on each

side of the dais and half way down the sides of the room were occupied by them, and all the rest by the onlookers. What a scene it was! The rows upon rows of bright faces surrounded by the brilliant colours and flashing jewels presented a scene that reminded one of the pictures in the fairy tales of childhood. A short time after all the guests were seated, the vice-regal party entered, and while thousands of voices sang the National Anthem, walked slowly to the dais. The procession was formed of the heralds, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Major Denison, the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, and several other ladies and gentlemen, who took their places with them on the dais. His Excellency the Governor-General wore the full dress uniform of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Countess of Aberdeen wore white satin with ermine and court train of royal blue velvet carried by six pages.

In a few moments the trumpets sounded the call for the first dance. It was an intricate march accompanied by the music of British national airs,—the four sections of it representing the four different parts of the Empire, North America, India and Australasia, Europe and Africa. Lady Marjorie Gordon, with Mr. David Erskine, headed the section representing North America. She was dressed to represent the forests of Canada, in white satin edged with fur, and all covered with [a silvery gauze; around the bottom of the skirt were pictured a snake fence and pine trees; on the front of the bodice was a bunch of maple leaves. On one shoulder nestled a little squirrel, and on the other was a very diminutive evergreen tree. The Indian costumes in this group were especially striking. When the march was finished, the dancers formed in twos and were presented one by one to their Excellencies.

Before the trumpets sounded again for the next group to appear, His Excellency, from the lowest step of the dais, announced a message of interest in the ball from the Queen. This was received by the guests standing, who responded by singing the first verse of the National Anthem followed with three cheers for the Queen. Then the ball went on. The next dance was the old fashioned quadrille, and the costumes represented the different periods of the Victorian Era, the first, second, third and middle, and aesthetic periods. The set representing the bridesmaids at Queen Victoria's marriage was quaint and old fashioned, and the dresses of its members quite distinct from the more elaborate court gowns that were very much in evidence during the evening. Their costume consisted of white net skirts over crinolines and laced bodices of white satin, with pink roses on the shoulders. Another set strikingly effective in this group, was that in

which the ladies wore empire gowns and large white poke bonnets with plumes and lace.

After these had been presented to Their Excellencies, and the trumpet had sounded, the third group, literature and music took the floor. Of this group, the special dance was the old English lancers. Slow and stately they were, far removed from the degenerated romping lancers of the present day. Although they were perhaps not so remarkably pretty as some of the other dances, as for instance, the minuet, or quadrille, or even the country dance, yet they allowed as much scope for grace and beauty of movement. Perhaps to one well versed in the literature of the nineteenth century, this group was the most interesting. Characters were depicted from Scott, Rudyard Kipling, George Eliot, Browning, the Drama, and the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

In the fourth group were three sets, representing science and inventions; one for electricity, one for postal progress, the other for inventions. The electricity set was hailed on its entrance by a round of applause. The eight ladies wore white satin gowns with glittering silver trimmings on the bodices. In their hands they held long staves twined round with the same silvery sheen, and bouquets of white flowers held about the middle of the staff. In their hair and on the top of the staves, were tiny electric lights. The gentlemen all wore old fashioned watchmen's costume, and held lanterns in their hands. In the centre was a Chinese mandarin with some chinese lanterns on a pole. The set for inventions was danced to represent a mill-wheel. The ladies had skirts of white accordeon plaited chiffon that in different parts of the dance were caught up imitating the sails of a wind-mill as they whirled quickly round, coloured lights being thrown on them as they danced. On the whole, this dance was perhaps the most effective, because in each set the costumes were uniform, and the mazes of the dance could be more easily followed.

The next group, art, would be interesting to the connoisseur in the subject, one set representing pictures painted in the Victorian Era, and the other famous actors in their principal characters. It was very beautiful, having the prettiest dance, the minuet, and by far the most pleasing music to my mind, as the orchestra played the ever popular "Passe Pied." The costumes were decidedly picturesque, and it impressed one rather oddly to see the various characters all dancing together. Dante was there with Beatrice, from the painting by Holli-day. Napoleon and Madame Récamier were to be seen in the set from famous pictures, while Madame Sans Gêne formed part of the

set from the stage. Shylock and Portia, who were especially good, were particularly remarked upon.

The sixth group, sports and amusements, dancing Sir Roger de Coverley, had the jolliest dance of all, and they danced it with right good will. The harvesters with costumes inexpensive but by no means ineffective; the yachting set, in white and blue; the set of games, amongst which the football girl, from a distance at least, was most striking; the hunting set, the ladies wearing pink velvet coats, white satin skirts and black velvet picture hats; and the Scottish sports set, —all danced together on the floor to very lively music, formed a very happy ending to the character dances.

The dancers then all formed in procession headed by the vice-regal party, and marched into the supper-room. All the tables were decorated with flowers and silver. Three tables in the centre of the room, somewhat larger than the others, were set apart for the vice-regal party and were perfect dreams of beauty. It happened that one of these was not needed by them, and some of the University party, which entered the room near the end of the procession, were placed at it. The silver centre-piece was completely surrounded by vases of English violets and white hyacinths, making an unusually effective decoration.

The University students had been asked to form a set of lancers representing characters from George Eliot, and one other set appropriate under the heading, "Literature and Music." They decided almost immediately to undertake George Eliot's characters, and after much consideration to combine literature and music in a set of eight characters from the plays of Lytton, Sheridan Knowles, Browning, and Swinburne, and eight others from the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. After considerable progress had been made in the preparations for this set, it was found that a complete set had been formed from Gilbert and Sullivan, and the University set had to be remodelled on very short notice—all that could be done was to fill up the vacant half by characters from other dramas.

The characters from George Eliot were : *Romola*, taken by Miss Winifred Hutchison, in *Romola's* bridal dress of white and gold silk with gold girdle, train and bridal veil. *Savonarola*, by Mr. F. A. Young, in black and white costume of Dominican Monk. *Tessa*, by Miss Rosalie E. Jackson, in short reel skirt, green velvet bodice and white sleeves. *Tito Melema*, by Mr. J. L. R. Parsons, in grey velvet doublet and trunks, scarlet hose. *Dinah Morris*, from *Adam Bede*, by Miss Clara C. Benson, in grey Quaker gown, with bonnet, white kerchief and apron. *Adam Bede*, by Mr. Walter A. Sadler, in *Adam*

Bede's Sunday suit—black breeches and Silk hose, fancy waistcoat, black coat of the period, shoes with buckles. *The Spanish Gypsy*, in "The Spanish Gypsy," by Miss Bertha Rosenstadt, in red satin skirt, trimmed with bells and sequins and yellow bolero; white bodice and sleeves with red cap. *Don Silva*, by Mr. George H. Black, in soft black hat with white plume, crimson velvet doublet, black velvet knee breeches, white silk stockings, shoes with large buckles, frilled shirt. *Gwendolen*, from "Daniel Deronda," by Miss Blanche B. White, in archery costume of green with green velvet jacket, large green velvet hat with pale green plumes. *Erandcourt*, by Mr. W. A. R. Kerr, in morning dress of the period, Prince Albert coat and silk hat. *Caterina*, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," by Miss Agnes McNally, in white India silk gown with crinoline, white fichu, white poke bonnet. *Rev. Mr. Gilfil*, by Mr. B. Benson, in black clerical coat, black satin waistcoat, knee breeches, white lace scarf, powdered hair with queue. *Dorothea Brooks*, in "Middlemarch," by Miss M. M. Stovel, in plain grey-blue gown and white fur, hair very simply braided. *Will Ladislaw*, by Mr. A. J. Glenholme McDougal, in artist's velvet painting coat, flowered waistcoat. *Maggie Tulliver*, from the "Mill on the Floss," by Miss Alice Rosebrugh, in old-fashioned black silk dress with bell sleeves and trimmings of white lace. *Stephen Guest*, by Mr. R. Y. Parry, in black satin breeches, shoes with buckles, black stockings, evening coat, flowered satin waistcoat.

From the drama the characters were: *Virginia*, taken by Miss Clara Crane, in long white Roman gown with silver trimmings and silver girdle, and *Virginius*, by Mr. T. A. Colclough, in white toga and crimson sandals—both from Sheridan Knowles' play, "Virginius." *Rosamond de Clifford*, by Miss E. E. Preston, in cream silk empire gown with bands of mauve over a crimson underskirt edged with swansdown, gold girdle and crown. *Thomas a Becket*, by Mr. J. B. Hunter, in black cassock, embroidered cope and crimson beretta—both from Tennyson's play, "Thomas a Becket."

From Lytton's "Lady of Lyons" came the *Lady of Lyons*, taken by Miss Mina Lynde, in white silk empire gown with scarlet trimmings, and *Claude Melnotte*, by Mr. Ogilvie Watson, in dark blue military frock coat and trousers, faced and trimmed with cadet blue and gold, Napoleonic hat and tricolor cockade.

From "Atalanta in Calydon," by Swinburne, came *Atalanta*, by Miss M. Landon Wright, in Grecian gown of rose pink, Grecian borders in gold, gold bands in hair and gold ornaments. *Meleager*, by Mr. G. M. Murray, in white chiton, embroidered in blue and gold, blue chlamys embroidered in gold, gold girdle and fillet, white sandals.

From Tennyson's "Foresters" came *Maid Marion*, in an extremely neat costume of white and red—red skirt with white and gold band, white corduroy jacket, red vest, white cap with red quill, sleeves slashed with red. *Robin Hood*, by Mr. V. E. Henderson, in Lincoln green doublet, trunk hose, crimson cap with eagle feather.

From the "Hunchback," by Sheridan Knowles, *Julia*, by Miss May Mason, in pink silk skirt, muslin panniers and bodice, white leghorn hat with tulle and mauve plumes. *The Hunchback*, by Mr. Norman Beal, in black velvet suit, knee breeches, black cloak, black hat with plume.

From "Richelieu," by Lord Lytton—*Julie de Mortemar*, by Miss M. Northway, in yellow brocaded satin dress with petticoat and train, medici collar. *Richelieu*, by Mr. F. D. McEntee, in soutane, beretta and complete red robes of a cardinal.

From Browning's "Strafford"—*Countess of Carlisle*, by Miss A. M. Morrison, in dress with yellow satin petticoat and crimson and gold brocade train. *Wentworth, Earl of Strafford*, by Mr. J. G. Merrick, in handsome costume of purple velvet jacket, trunk-hose, velvet cloak, cavalier hat and boots.

The entourage of these sets was formed by Mrs. Ramsay Wright as a Florentine lady at time of Romola, with flowing robe of green and white, pearl embroidery and cap of green velvet; Mrs. Loudon as *Mrs. Davilow*, from "Daniel Deronda," in dress of black silk and lace, fichu of Brussels net, Honiton lace cap, and antique jewelry; President Loudon in academics; Miss Grace Hunter, as *Althæa*, in black Grecian robe, relieved by white silk and gold trimming, and Mr. A. T. Hunter, as *Toxæus*, in bright blue Grecian dress, both characters from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." Professor Ramsay Wright was herald for both sets, in herald's costume of the fifteenth century—pale blue doublet and hose, and white satin tabard with the University arms.

The Women's Literary Society is greatly indebted to Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright and Miss McMicking for the kind interest and unremitting attention they have shown in the preparations. Besides the time and thought they gave to selecting suitable characters for the University sets and to designing costumes, their regular attendance at all the practices was greatly appreciated by the students. Indeed, without their aid the Society would never have been able to carry out successfully the part which it was honoured by having assigned it in this grandly conceived jubilee fête, their participation in which has proved such a great pleasure to its members.

CENTURY.

## Editor's Notes.



O the friends and supporters of *SESAME*—all good things that make for happiness, strength and wisdom this New Year! It must be with something akin to regret that every loyal British heart sees the close of 1897, with all its noble associations, all its stirring events. "For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof," says the Oriental sage; we have therefore the sanction of so wise a statesman as Solomon, for regarding the very length of our Sovereign's reign as one amongst the evidences of special Divine favour towards our empire. Those whose hearts swelled during the past year with the joy of the pæan, which rose all round the world, that Britain's children in every quarter of the globe are still one people, under one head, with one tradition of honour, justice and loyalty, cannot part indifferently with the year that has brought these momentous facts so forcibly home to them. But, though the year is now past, the truths of which it spoke remain; and it lies not alone with the British people as a nation, but with its individuals, with us University women here in Ontario for instance, to justify our share in this greatness, in these traditions, by attaining a higher level of enlightenment, uprightness and power than we have ever reached in the past. It will be a good New Year's wish then for our country, as well as for the readers of *SESAME* individually, that we Canadian women may increase in strength and wisdom, strength to rule ourselves and to serve effectively where our service is due; wisdom to know what concerns us to do, what to refrain from meddling with.

98

Several events of interest to the women of University College have occurred since our last issue. When we re-assembled in October, we found our cloak-room in the possession of carpenters and locksmiths. The long-desired lockers were at last being provided for our gowns, etc. For a couple of weeks after the workmen left, the room presented a most unsociable effect between lectures. Instead of gathering in knots to talk, the girls scattered themselves all round the walls, turned their backs to the room, and stood stock-still with their heads against their locker doors and distraction in their eyes. In this attitude each one tried her own *abracadabra*: One, two, three,



four to the right ; one, two, three to the left ; one to the right again ; then stepping back with a triumphant smile—the door wouldn't open. The patent combination locks certainly kept everything behind them very secure during the first fortnight. The prime difficulty was to find the " smooth place " from which to begin to count ; and it was very disappointing after you thought you had reckoned your clicks exactly each way, to find you had to begin all over again. We all experienced the irritation of being made late for lunch because we had put our rubbers in safely in the morning. However, we are long past that now, and people open combinations as though they had been born to it. . . . A column in 'Varsity specially devoted to the College Girl, and written by one of the most gifted pens of '98, kept College readers informed as to the meetings of the Women's Literary Society and other occurrences of particular interest to the women students. . . . The Ladies' Glee Club scored a decided success in its concert given in Hamilton by request. . . . A notable feature among our College publications for '97-8 has been the " Year Book," got up, of course, with particular reference to the class of '98, but containing also much of interest to all the years, including original literary work by a number of both the men and women enrolled at 'Varsity, biographical or character notes on all the seniors, and half-tones of the College societies and buildings. . . . The women undergraduates have been much gratified during the past term by the recognition of their corporate existence shown in the invitation to them of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen to take part, as representatives of their College, in the Victorian Era Ball. A special article being devoted to this function, it is unnecessary to say much about it here ; but one remark may not unfittingly be made in connection with it, viz., that this invitation proves that University College women are regarded as a distinct element in our community, and that therefore their individual responsibility in maintaining the dignity of their body is evidenced beyond all debate. Their Excellencies further testified their interest in our *alma mater* by enrolling Lady Marjorie Gordon as an occasional student in English. This is the first instance of our lecture halls being honoured by the attendance of the daughter of a Governor-General, and to it we are indebted for the contribution on page 1 of this magazine.



As the precious distillation of the cinchona bark to the fevered body, (I speak as an allopath), even so is the critic to the infant magazine. Sesame is prepared to take her medicine with as few faces as possible and to get better as quickly as she can. But don't overdose

her. She had better live to outgrow her ailments than die of their remedies. Let us consider her case a moment :—some of her contributions are thoroughly sound and good, proving the excellent possibilities there are in her ; some however, it must be admitted, exhibit less vigour and development than might be deemed symptomatic of a thoroughly healthy magazine. What shall be done ?—“ Give her quinine,” croak the medicos ; but the mothers bustle about exclaiming indignantly, “ Nonsense ! feed the child.” And the mothers—or are they the editors ?—are right. If grads and undergrads will only write more for *Sesame*, they will improve their style, and give the editors a larger choice to cull from. It stands to reason that, the larger the choice, the better the selections may be. And now two words in your ear, most wholesome, most medicinal censor, by way of suggestions in the interests of the magazine :—First, when you pass judgment on us, seek out our good points as well as our bad, and tell them both with the same emphasis to the same persons—it will prove your critical ability and save you from injustice—Second, write something for the next number yourself, so as to help make the issue of '99 an advance on this. We are barely two years old, you know ; and we hope to improve with age.



*Anna*  
18

# Sesame

Vol. 2<sup>3</sup>



# 1899

The Annual Publication of the Women Graduates and  
Undergraduates of University College

4



# INDEX

	PAGE
THE LIBRARY <i>Illustration</i>	
Women or Girls <i>H. S. Grant McDonald, B.A.</i>	1
The Tale of Two Ties <i>Margaret Hunter, B.A.</i>	4
A Day at the Women's Residence <i>N. C., '99.</i>	7
The Second Fall <i>Laura M. Mason, '00.</i>	9
ARCADE <i>Illustration</i>	
A Sprig from the "Christbaum" <i>E. M. Balmer, B.A.</i>	10
Nature's Gems <i>M. W. Moore, '02.</i>	12
Winter in the Backwoods <i>A. C. M., '01</i>	14
A Travelling Experience <i>I. L. T., '99.</i>	20
A Retrospect <i>L. K. G. W., '99.</i>	24
The Alumnæ <i>Gertrude Lawler, M.A.</i>	26
A Lullaby <i>Marguerite Marshall, '02.</i>	28
DRAGONS' HEADS <i>Illustration</i>	
Sketches :	
A Bit of Red Ribbon <i>Carr, '98.</i>	29
The Same Old Story <i>Carr, '98.</i>	33
CORBEL TABLE <i>Illustration</i>	
A Little Girl's Trip to Scotland <i>F. R. A., '02.</i>	37
The Legend of the Blood-Root <i>W. H.</i>	39
UNIVERSITY BUILDING FROM REAR <i>Illustration</i>	
Nihil <i>Oudemia.</i>	41
The Coal Diamond <i>C. C. B., '99.</i>	44
SUN-DIAL <i>Illustration</i>	
The Sun-Dial <i>A. W. Patterson, '99.</i>	47
The Poet <i>J. G. D., '02.</i>	48
S. R. Crockett                      '99.	49
Why Go to College <i>Senior.</i>	54
Ninety Years Ago <i>Grace Evans.</i>	56
College Functions : Reminiscences	60
Nonsense continued <i>Ego et Alter Ego.</i>	62
Editorial Notes	63

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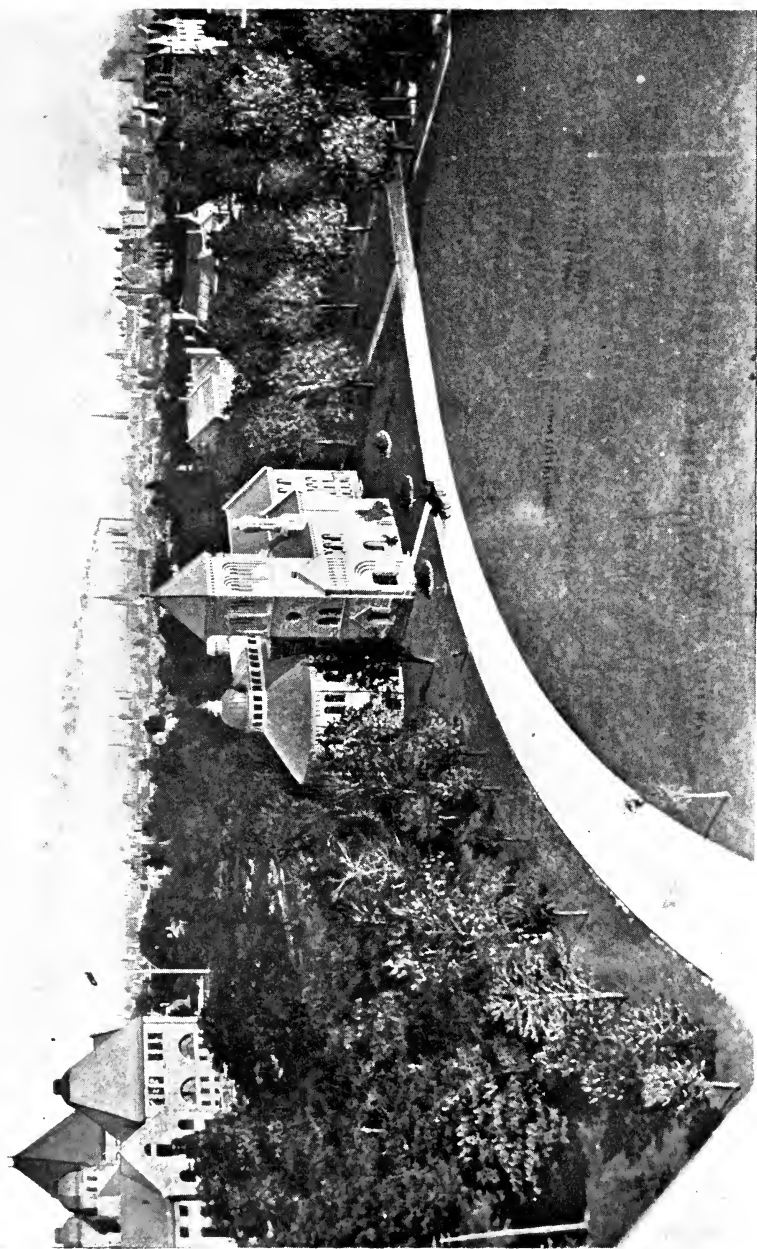
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The Library  
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# Sesame

Vol 1

TORONTO JANUARY 1899

No 3

## Women or Girls ?

 NCE when the world was young and certain sober graduates were animated juniors, there was raised in the south-west corner of University College the question as to the relative merits of the terms "college girl" and "university woman" as descriptive of the Sesame section of undergraduates. As usually happens in such arguments, no one was ultimately convinced of anything she had not believed at first; but one or two ideas, which won emphasis from the unanimity with which they were held, were on this wise:—University undergraduates form a distinct class with special privileges and responsibilities, hence some name should be theirs which would distinguish them from students of other conditions.

The terms girl and boy as applied to hearty, merry humanity, anywhere between babyhood and gray hairs, find many kindly supporters, both inside the university and outside, people who shrink from robbing youth of anything of its careless light-heartedness even in name. But the epithet college is plainly open to objection as indistinctive of university students, through its many other applications. A lad of twelve at Upper Canada is a "college boy"; while girls' boarding schools all over the country, taking contagion from their inmates perhaps, are developing a singular disposition to change their names, and now have their cards very commonly struck Ladies' College. The term college boy or college

girl, therefore, does not distinguish the university student from a large percentage of our school children.

But if the epithet college be renounced, it is complained our "boy" and "girl" must go too. It is true. Even the most generous protractors of juvenility will not attempt the combination university boy. But, they object, it is absurd to call lads and lassies of sixteen men and women. The assertion makes us pause, for the title of undergraduates must not be allowed to have anything ridiculous about it. The regulations for junior matriculation state that candidates shall have "completed their sixteenth year." Sixteen then is the minimum not the average age of entrance to the university; and the "absurdity" of the name man or woman decreases in a very rapid ratio according as it is applied to the ages of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen or above. Moreover, a four years' course lies between matriculation and B.A., so that few of our men will graduate before the responsibilities of full citizenship have devolved upon them. It is lowering to our national dignity to style those whose voices direct the destiny of our country, boys. Possibly, then, the absurdity may be found to lie less on the side of the mature denomination, than on that of the low age limit of admission to our universities.

There is, however, another and a weightier view of these appellations than that of age. It is that of the connotation of the words boy and girl, man and woman. The former of course imply first youth, which the mass of undergraduates undoubtedly possess in abundance, with its light-heartedness, hopefulness and a host of other delightful characteristics. But the terms boy and girl connote more than these. They connote a state in which the most important concerns and relations of the individual are the care of others, in which the individual, being protected from many external dangers and subject to a discipline which regulates many of the details of his daily life and duty, is himself careless, irresponsible and often ignorant in regard to these matters. The special significance of the terms man and woman, the significance, that is, which makes us shrink particularly from applying them to young people, is their assumption of these sober, heavy responsibilities.

Now, what is the undergraduate's position in regard to these matters? At the private or high school a girl has her course of work mapped out for her, certain lessons set to be learned from day to day, a certain discipline to observe during school hours, which other people are at hand to enforce if she neglect it, and afterwards her home guardians, or, at boarding school her governesses, to supervise the general disposition of her leisure. She matriculates, and all these conditions are changed. During the coming academic years she has certain ground to cover in her studies, but no one prescribes for her the amount she must do each day

in her several subjects. She must plan out her own procedure in regard to her work, must even to a greater or less extent decide what she will read, what leave. She assumes responsibility for her own progress to a degree that she had never thought of at school. But the change is more radical than one merely concerned with book work. When a student from any outlying town enters the university, she probably takes quarters in a boarding house. No one there has any claim to order the details of her life for her—what care she shall take of her health, what companionships she shall cultivate, how she shall employ her leisure. She becomes responsible for all these things herself, and the experience she gains through this responsibility constitutes far weightier lessons than the philology or philosophy she acquires from lectures. Those persons who have assumed the guardianship of their own progress, their own dignity, their own well-being generally, have abandoned the status of irresponsibility and carelessness. Calling themselves by a name which infers them to be still in that station implies either that they do not realize the meaning and responsibilities of their new life, in which case they are not yet fit for it, or else that they are having recourse to a euphemism to disguise the truth from others, a childish vanity surely. In entering the university we are entering a body possessed of privileges, duties and opportunities foreign to the idea of the names boy and girl. It is wiser and worthier to face such facts fairly, and to adjust our vocabulary to them in a spirit of truthfulness. There cannot be the full development got out of university life which its conditions warrant, so long as university men and women deny their own status.

H. S. GRANT MACDONALD.

## The Tale of Two Ties

“Jigglety, jagglety, jogglety, jum,  
Why, bless my soul, but the Joodle is come,  
Come with his cane and his high silk hat,  
But my ! he’s forgotten his green cravat.”

—*Old Fairy Tale.*

**R**OMEO and Juliet were in a sad case, but here I move my pen to tell a sadder. It will be remembered that Romeo had a sweetheart before he doted on Juliet. So had my hero, but a large part of his trouble arose from the fact that he kept her on conjointly with the later.

The Christmas season of peace and good will was approaching. If we let Miss Alleyne stand for the name of the earlier, and Miss Battingfeld for the later, we shall elucidate the problem the sooner. Miss Chrissie Alleyne had gone through tender passages in her first days of “coming-out” with Mr. Corson, our hero, a fascinating young tenor in the Presbyterian Church near by. Since that time she had felt the attractions possessed by another, a banker.

The events I am about to relate took place in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-four, when knitted silk cravats were all the rage as donations to mankind. Miss Alleyne had not much time on hand for thinking out individual needs, so she lumped the two men. At first she determined to knit them both cravats exactly alike, both for economy in silk and time. But after she had bought sufficient red silk, she remembered the auburn beard of the banker. So she harked back to Eaton’s and got some green.

The cravats were finished in due time, and carefully put up in dainty boxes. Just as she had finished doing them up she was called away. She afterwards addressed them from memory. When they had been dispatched she began to feel qualms of uneasiness, but too late.

In the meantime the handsome tenor’s other acquisition, Miss Battingfeld, had also been seized with the popular craze for home-made neckties,

and perpetrated one in green. It so chanced that, buying her material at the same store as Miss Alleyne, she got the same as that intended for the banker.

Now, Mr. Corson was such a charming young tenor, and *so* gallant with the ladies, that he hated to do anything rude. Accordingly his usual Sunday evening custom was to call for Miss Alleyne, who sang in the same choir, escort her to church, and leave her at her door afterwards. Then he went quickly the few intervening blocks, and spent the remainder of the evening with Miss Battingfeld. This appeared quite proper to the said Miss B., for she knew he sang in the choir of his own church, which didn't happen to be the same as hers.

The Sunday after Christmas came. Mr. Corson had been the fortunate recipient of two ties, a red and a green. Now he hated to offend either young lady by not wearing her gift. A brilliant inspiration struck him. He would wear one, and pocket the other. Surely a good opportunity would come for changing it during his scamper around the block.

The music to be prepared was more than ordinarily difficult for that evening, and as Mr. Corson was putting the final touches to his toilet he hummed over the score. He found himself in a state of nervous tension. In his excitement he accidentally interchanged the order he had planned of wearing the ties, and tied in a neat knot the green one. He also blundered in putting the other in his coat pocket, forgetting to transfer it to his ulster.

The earliest hymn was given out, "Blest be the tie that binds." Soon afterwards the trying part of the service came for the poor man. He looked for the usual warm glance of encouragement from his early inamorata, Miss Alleyne. Instead he was met by a piteously bewildered expression, followed by a stony glare. Poor Miss Chrissie was now convinced that the banker had received like to like, and feared that he would resent it as a palpable insult.

Mr. Corson ran hurriedly over in his mind all the possible permutations and combinations to be made of the circumstances. His great fear was that Miss Alleyne had heard about his weekly Sunday finish-up at the house of Battingfeld. In his trepidation he pulled out his handkerchief to conceal his feelings till he felt calmer. Out jumped the red tie. *There* was a tableau for the initiated!

How he managed to keep up a fair amount of conversation with Miss Alleyne on the way home he never could figure out. When he left her his soul was in a tumult. Under the lamp-post that he had previously selected in his meditations on the subject, he deftly changed ties. He had forgotten which was which, or rather was too dazed to consider the fact that he already had on the proper one.

His reception at Miss Battingfeld's was far from cordial. He could not imagine what the trouble was. He supposed that he should have asked her out more frequently than his somewhat narrow means had permitted of late. The lady kept getting a trifle more chilly in her demeanor. At last the remark seemed jerked out of her—"Don't you like green as a color in ties?" He said, "Of course I do." "Well, why don't you wear the one I sent you?"

The poor young tenor blushed deeply, and after a few perfunctory expressions of gratitude, he staggered out into the street.

When next seen he was considerably thinner, having undergone an attack of brain fever, consequent on trying to unravel the tie problem. Now he can never hear that favorite old hymn without prickly sensations.

Miss Alleyne suffered in the same way, for she had worked herself into a nervous fever over the possibility of a mistake in the cravat sent the banker. He, however, appeared three days later wearing the green tie with his most self-satisfied air.

M. E. HUNTER, '98.

## A Day at the Women's Residence

**M**Y room-mate was certainly a disturbing element that morning. The breakfast bell had only partially aroused me, and I should have quickly fallen back to sleep if she had not persisted in frantic endeavors to prevent me, and, as her hurried preparations had by this time assumed the nature of a small cyclone, I was forced to rise if only to save a few of my possessions from utter confusion. Naturally I was late for breakfast, but it was too usual an occurrence to excite remark, besides was I not a senior? It was evident there were nine o'clock lectures that day, but quite regardless of such minor matters, I leisurely finished my meal and then returned to my room to write letters.

The house was very quiet until about noon, when the girls began returning from college, and made their presence heard, if not felt, in every room and corridor. Woman is naturally a social creature, so I could not be blamed for the strong inclination I felt to leave "Angel's Rest"—as my room was placarded on the door—and join the group in the adjoining "Home of the Friendless," where such interesting topics seemed under discussion. I found the occupants in various graceful attitudes about the room (the supply of chairs was not equal to the demand), arguing over the all-absorbing question of the time, the annual elections of the Women's Literary Society. As a state of quite unnecessary warmth had by this time been reached, I was relieved to hear the bell just then ring for lunch, which was a signal for the girls to unite once more in a common purpose.

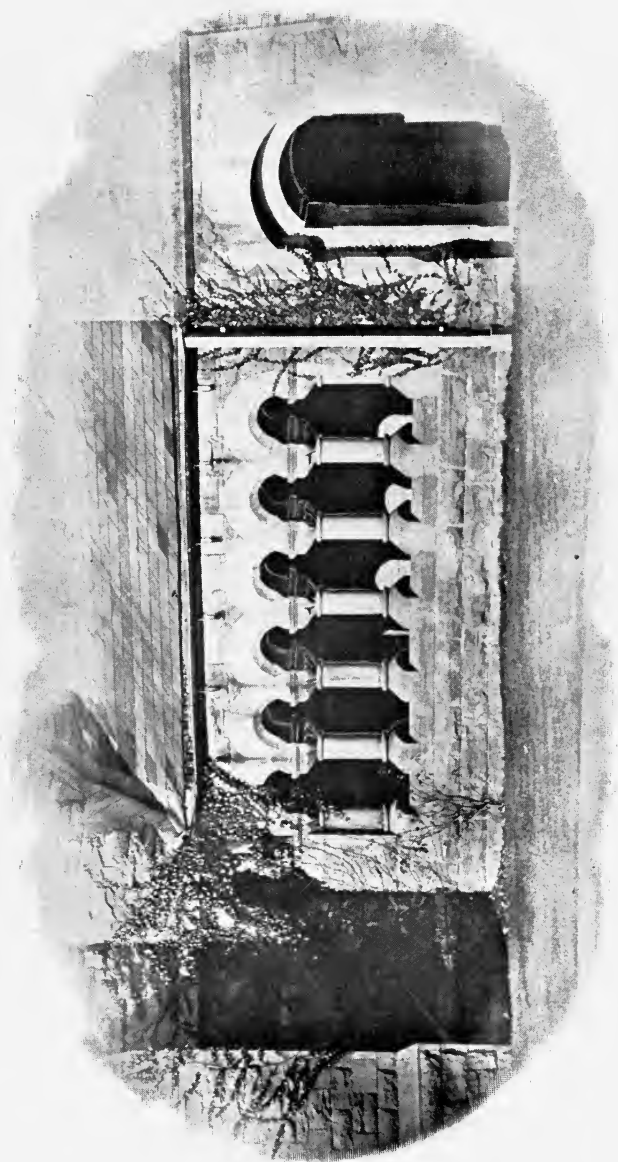
At meals strict attention was given to the proper training of the freshettes who had to politely look after the wants of the seniors and take turn about in saying grace. Anyone caught smiling in the perfor-

mance of that important duty was promptly fined and their desert for that day confiscated. But the system of fines was extensive, and the freshies were not the only victims. Punsters were heavily taxed, as were also those who felt compelled to give voice to their musical inspirations before 8 a.m. A good round sum had also to be paid by that wayward demoiselle who entertained more than two callers of the male persuasion during the week. I believe the House Committee (who were the Lords of Creation for the time being), reconciled this particular fine to their consciences by entering it under extra charge for use of parlor and gas on such occasions. The pitiful tale is even recorded of the desperate girl who, on the verge of bankruptcy, was forced to turn off the gas when her fourth visitor of the week remained after nine o'clock.

But we were not long at lunch, for we were students and felt it our bounden duty to hurry through meals, even though death from dyspepsia was the result. Once more work reigned, but by five o'clock even the plugs began to come out of their deep seclusion, and groups collected out on the tennis courts and in our sitting room, which was always a favorite place during recreation hours. At half-past six we had dinner, and afterwards a general good time, until most of us were warned by our studious friends that it was "truly meet, just, right and salutary," that we should return to our books. But I was so comfortably settled in a rocking chair that, strange to relate, my study table lost all charm, and I remained talking with two or three freshies who had just entered the Residence and were anxious to obtain all the free information possible on the subject. One of them, with an inquiring turn of mind and bent on tracing everything to its "first cause," asked me who had so generously donated the necessary fund for building the Residence. I tried to recall the well beloved name of our benefactor but my memory had deserted me, and the effort to recall it only resulted in my gradually awakening from the happy dream I have just described to you. For sure I was still comfortably seated in a rocking chair, but now quite awake to the fact that it was in a boarding house and not in that castle of Spain—the Women's Residence of Toronto University.

N. C., '99.





Arcade  
from  
University  
Building



## The Second Fall

WHY do the dear hills lower  
As the child becomes a man?  
Why are there marshy hollows  
Where the shining rivers ran?  
Why is there never a garden  
Where the old-time roses blow;  
Why are the flowers less fragrant  
Than the blossoms long ago?

Why have the woods no fairies  
Why have the stars no song?  
Why is our love less tender  
Why is our faith less strong?  
Why have we lost the visions  
Our childhood used to know;  
When we played on the hills and rivers  
'Mid the buds of long ago?

Is it because a blindness  
The years have flung o'er us all  
Makes us loom up like giants  
And nature appear so small?  
Is it because that our senses  
Grown coarse in our life as men  
Have lost all the fine perception  
Of a glorified childish ken?

Is it because a culture  
Making us mighty of brain  
Allows our heart's to wither  
And our soul's clear light to wane?  
Is it because in our progress  
Through the tinsel world we know,  
We've tasted the Eden Apple,  
Since the days of long ago?

LAURA M. MASON.

## A Sprig from the "Christbaum"

**I**T is but the tiny end of a pine-branch, dry, and flattened and stiff —no beauty, no fragrance; but a dear little German maiden knew, when she put it into my hand at parting, that it would have a witchery of its own, to summon up, in far-away Canada, memories of happy Christmas-tide in the Fatherland.

Brave little sprig! It was a stately tree that you were plucked from, and sweet and gay was your last glimpse of the outer world. So proud must the old pine have been to act as central figure in the pretty scene, that it were preposterous indeed to imagine it sighing for the pure stillness of the woodland slope it had left, for sound of bird-song, or sight of timid fawn lingering in Autumn's soft sunshine.

Great, however, must have been the wonderment of the shapely pine, when transferred from the quiet of the hills to the bustle of the city square, where the thrill of preparation for a German Christmas moves even the matter-of-fact human strangers wandering bewildered through the glitter and gaiety of it all. Our pine tree from the still woods must have been dazed, no less, to find itself in the centre of the holiday "Fair," where myriads of booths that have sprung up in a night, transform, by sudden magic, the appearance of the city. The prosaic shops may still have their chosen few, but here, in and out, under clear, open skies, wander the eager, artless devotees of the "Weihnachtsmann," examining toys from booth to booth, devouring "Kuchen" in open view, or hurrying homeward with a precious "Christbaum," to be hidden in the room of

Christmas secrets until that night when little children who have been good may greet it with the clamor of their wondering delight.

But it was to no such limited circle of family rejoicing that our tree was carried. From the busy square it was taken to the spacious hall, from whose lofty walls looked down the marble busts of the Kaiser, his father and illustrious grandfather, and Germany's foremost poets. From the lower corridors of the great building there rises to this hall the sweet echo of girl-voices singing their favorite melody :

“ O du glückliche,  
O du selige  
Gnadenbringende  
Weihnachtzeit ! ”

A school closing-day comes, and then the stranger who has had a short Indian summer of student-life with these girls, first sees the tree as it stands on the platform, ablaze with lights and sparkling ornament. Honored old pine, to end its days in the face of that throng of bright school-girls ! Surely it yearned to bend over and touch lightly the bright hair of two wee maids who stood by it in their shy reciting ; surely the grand old Christmas songs from all those pure voices must have thrilled it as never before bird-note did ; and surely the sight of those young faces, those clear, untroubled eyes, had a power to gladden beyond the fairest scene of woodland loveliness.

The spell of the scene did work strongly upon the tree, for this little dry sprig holds some of it still, and at sight of it I can cross the ocean that lies between, coax Time backward a space, and see still the little Luise and her companions as they make glad preparations for Christmas, 1891.

E. M. BALMER.

# Nature's Gems

## PART I

**A** SLEEPING, snowy city. How calm and pure! Winter was at last dethroned, and spring, sweet sunny spring, donned her coronation robes, and with smiling warmth, began anew her queenly duties. Winter, stern, sturdy winter, submitted with apparent grace, but on this night once more assuming the sway, summoned up his many workmen and bade them array his darling earth in sparkling apparel. Deep into the darkness of the night did they labor on. Soon earth's fairy form became a dream of shining light, as with skilled fingers the artist angel shook out the feathery folds, or sprinkled about his flashing jewels. The shapeless stretch of chimney-pots, man's work, was cloaked in nature's mystic splendors; the towering steeples, silent sentinels in white, the ghost-like poles, the silvery net-work of interlacing wires, all clad in spotless purity. The lonely willow wept no longer. Winter with the touch of a Midas had changed its tears to glistening diamonds. Over all, as morning dawned, the rosy blush of conscious beauty.

## PART II

A wakened, dirty city. How noisy and stained. A street corner; the silent willow in the distance; a jammed, seething crowd, a dirty uplifted finger swollen about an old umbrella ferule, a tiny chirping voice "Please, man, 'ill you take this hole off un Jum's fing-er?" No response. "If you knowed how it hurted, guess you would." Ting-ting—sh—— and a car switched round the corner. "Mister, Jum's awfu' hungry and hasn't had nuffin to eat but a nasty 'nanna. You hasn't any good 'nannas, has you?" Silence . . . . . "P'raps you hasn't had break'ust uver?" . . . . . One more effort. "Can't you talk, man? 'Cause I'se sorry for you if you can't." . . . . . Ting-ting! ting-ting! and the childish

voice was drowned in the noise of the crowd. An impatient scowl, a careless shove, an exclamation of horror and it was all over. Yes, gather up the little mangled form. See the last flutter of the blackening eyelid. Hear once more the baby whisper—"Jum—so—seepy ;—so seepy—'nannas—in—Heben."

Farewell, little angel Jum—farewell. Your frail life on earth was brief but your star shines brightly in the "blue beyond."

### PART III

Earth's radiant brightness was changed to mourning. Humane winter, thinking of what he had lost and another had gained, burst forth in wailing sobs. Tears prevailed ; sunlight died ; diamonds melted in pity at the sight and the willow wept once more. Earth, so lately gay and sparkling, shrouded herself in deepest sable, and spring began her three months' rule in tears.

M. W. M.

## Winter in the Backwoods

A. C. M.

COME with me from the heart of civilization, from the realm of comfort and refinement, and glance for a moment upon the other half of the world, of whose lives this half knows almost nothing. We shall winter in the backwoods of Canada;—the backwoods, geographically, because removed from the outside world by a three days' journey over rock, and snow, and ice; the backwoods, morally, because cut off from every outside influence for good, and shut in with all the natural tendencies for evil.

The little village of the backwoods, lying at the mouth of the river bearing the same name, is founded literally upon a rock, hard, bare granite, which rises in three sharp ridges, and upon which the rude homes of the lumbermen are built. A gully, filled in with sawdust until a tolerably navigable road is formed, runs through the village, and is the only street of which it boasts. With a view to personal safety, the flattest portions of the rock have been selected as residential sites; and, as a result, the huts are perched promiscuously, regardless of the fact that Euclid defined a straight line for the benefit of posterity. The large lumber mill down by the river, and the great flat monotonous yard traversed by tramways, along the sides of which are piled thousands of feet of lumber, stamp distinctively the occupation of the villagers. Beyond the river the opposite bank rises gray and barren; and the landscape of sawdust and rock, with here and there a stray evergreen, which tells of former luxuriance, looks desolate indeed.

The interior of the houses is, if possible, more dreary. In a futile effort to prevent the wind and snow from penetrating the walls, which are built of a double layer of boards with sawdust filled in between, the inside has been covered with gray tar paper, but all evidences of any other attempts at comfort, save the endless rag mats on the floor, are conspicuously absent. The houses of all but the most luxurious, boast of but



one living room, the kitchen. The others have two : the additional one being the "room" as they call it, into which the most distinguished guests only have access ; and, on occasions, the daughter of the family, when a gallant youth comes to make love to her. If—as I remember it to have been the case in one family—the second daughter was also of eligible age, it became rather inconvenient for the second swain to do his wooing in the kitchen, where the assembled family congregated of an evening. Perhaps the motives of the younger daughter were not entirely unmixed when she made efforts to precipitate the matrimonial inclinations of the elder.

But the snow came, and the gray was turned to white; we bade farewell to the last boat, and we were shut in from all active communication with the "outside," as the aborigines called the world beyond the bay. With what indescribable feelings did we watch the boat as it steamed down the river, and made its way with difficulty through the already forming ice! With it went every hope we might have entertained of escape from the rocky north ; and as we saw it slowly disappear until it became indistinguishable from the rocks which studded the bay, I turned away and sighed, and perhaps there was a tear. It was later, when darkness had covered the face of the waters, that I summoned courage to look out again. Something beyond in the blackness, which aforetime had been there, was gone. It was the mariner's beacon light. Then even our ghost of hope, that, perchance, another boat might come, fled, and we realized that we were in for the winter.

When winter fairly settled in, and the ice "took," as the natives said—I never quite understood what it *took*, but I put that down to my ignorance of natural phenomena, and did not enquire—the village assumed an air of singular activity. Dog-sleighs, which were the only mode of artificial locomotion of which the village boasted, dashed to and fro, and the air rang with the shouts of the drivers and the barking of the dogs. And it may be well to mention here that the two requisites of dog-driving are the ability to shout well and to wield the whip. For dogs are not driven by means of reins, as are horses, but by a stentorian voice, coupled with a knowledge of *gee* and *haw*, and a whip. If the dogs will not be driven by this moral suasion, one must, perforce, yield himself to the caprice of the animals ; and if they do not suddenly become possessed of a desire, which they immediately carry out, regardless of the inclinations of the driver, to mount a rock when he has determined to ride upon the level, so much the better for his peace of mind, and his place on the dog-sleigh.

A little girl and a small boy took out their respective dogs one day to go ariding. The dog belonging to the former had been used on differ-

ent occasions by the doctor of the village on his trips to surrounding lumber camps. The children suggested that they should trade their steeds for the time being. They did so, and when the boy became the possessor of the new dog, he began at once to flourish the whip and shout at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" The little girl objected. "Don't you beat my dog, he don't go for lickin', he only goes for pettin'?" "Whoa!" quoth the lad, and he turned and cast a look of scorn upon the little maid. "You don't need to tell me! If the doctor ever drove this dog he never went for pettin'. Hurrah!" And away he went. Certainly that time, at least, the dog didn't go for "pettin'."

What an indescribable sensation of fearsome hilarity you feel as you bound over the ground on a dog-sleigh! You are so near *terra firma* that a fall from the low coaster would not injure you; and yet you rather fear to try the experiment of tumbling, which is at all times imminent. I shall never forget a visit we paid, one fine frosty day in March, to a lumber camp three miles distant from the village. There were three of us on the sleigh, to which was hitched three dogs, one in front of the other two. We flew along a short distance over the tolerably flat portions of rock—tolerably rough would describe it better—then over the bank and onto the river, entered a creek with perpendicular rocks on either side, thence across a small lake, and into the woods. The shore of the lake was steep, so we jumped off and ran up after the dogs, and on again when we caught up, for the dogs didn't slacken their pace for an instant. Up hill and down dale in the woods we dashed, the shouts of the driver and the crack of the whip mingled with the barks of the dogs. Suddenly—and we held our breath—the dogs made a mad rush down a steep incline, stopped with a jerk that almost pitched us headlong, and—we had arrived at the lumber camp.

The shanty was a long, low building, made of logs, the cracks between which were stuffed with mud. We were ushered into a small room at the end of this building, which was dignified by the name of office. A bottle of ink and a pen which lay on the window-sill were, however, the only visible signs of the name. There were chairs for two of us, while the third balanced himself on an upturned stick of wood. A two-storied bed, built of rough pine boards, and strewn with all manner of wearing apparel, stood in the corner; a shelf on which were several suspicious looking bottles—of ink, the scaler assured us—and many dangerous looking weapons adorned the walls.

We had come for dinner, and were anxiously awaiting the summons which came presently from a man who thrust his head in at the outside door and bade us "come on." And so we came, and entered a long room, which to my surprise and delight, was decidedly clean and tidy. To the

right, as we went in, was a stove of prodigious proportions ; while beyond, at the farthest side, were two long tables covered with brown oil-cloth, on one of which still lay the remains of a repast, and on the other a meal set for three.

We were bidden to "fall to." In front of each of us were set a tin plate and a basin of the same precious metal, guiltless of a handle, into which the cook poured some marvellous tea out of a boiler with a spout. Cakes, pies, biscuits, in endless variety, were on the table ; and the shanty-man's fare, bacon and beans, was placed before us. We looked at one another for a moment, then "fell to" and ate with a zest, for we were undergoing the experience of a lifetime. We tasted everything, finally sighed, and said that we were ready to explore new regions.

We then visited the doggery. This was by no means, as one might suppose from the name, a place to keep the animals of the canine species. Far from it ! It was nothing more nor less than the living and sleeping room of the lumbermen. The shock of stepping from the clean kitchen into this place almost overcame me. If the floor had ever been scrubbed, which was doubtful, it had certainly never seen water since the flood, and the rust which had accumulated on the stove at the same time had never been rubbed off. And the beds ! I was glad we had not seen this room before dinner, else I fear that the pork and beans would have been left to grace a future meal of some brawny lumberman. They were built on the plan of the one in the office, and were ranged along two sides of the room. Gray blankets, straw which had had the original intention of a mattress, all the old boots and coats available, were mixed together on the beds in delightful confusion. The general effect of the scene was not enchanting. The dinner may have made me hungry, but the doggery didn't make me sleepy. Then we went home.

Thursday was the red letter, and in fact the only letter day of the week. We got up a little earlier on that morning, and it was no ordinary circumstance could accomplish that ; there was an appearance of suppressed excitement in our very countenances. Every few moments one of us would look out of the window and scan the bay, now one broad expanse of ice. Finally, "There he is," would bring us all to the spot, and we would strain our eyes to see,—to see, too often,—that we were mistaken in the speck which we fancied was moving towards us ; but to see, at length, the mail-man come within our ken from across the bay ; to distinguish the dog and sleigh, and then to size up the mail-bag, a most significant part of whose contents usually belonged to ourselves. Impatiently we would watch him disappear into the only store, which was also the postoffice, wait a few moments, and then rush in to receive our coveted share. In a few hours we would watch the mail-man leave

with our letters in his bag, and then good-bye for another week to the outside world.

The population of the village was distinctly French-Canadian ; and, in the winter, decidedly feminine. The men were in the lumber woods, and only those who were in the nearest camps came home upon occasions. Then was it that merrymaking was rife among the aborigines, and joy and hilarity reigned supreme among the young men and maidens. If the stalwart lumberman demonstrated his manliness with a bumper of raw whiskey, so much better for the fun ; and verily it might be said that there were many sounds of revelry by night. The morning revealed, perhaps, the other side of the story ; but the only moral which was borne in upon the minds of the revellers was illustrated by the repeated cry of " Fill high the bowl."

There was a most remarkable absence of the " young lady" feature in the village of the backwoods. The fact that I heard a girl of seventeen spoken of most scornfully as an old maid will perhaps illustrate the truth of my statement when I say that the swains and maidens in their aspirations after love and wedded bliss rivalled the precocious love-making of Romeo and Juliet. We, in this civilized land, have at least the hope that so long as we can keep within our teens—and most of us stay there as long as possible—we shall escape the awful stigma of old maidenhood.

The social event of the season was the Sunday school concert. It was the only affair of the kind which the villagers had ever witnessed, and the audience was not critical. The children were intensely excited ; and it was with difficulty that the little girls were restrained from exhibiting their new dresses after the performance had begun. To prevent any extraordinary catastrophe befalling the entertainment, owing to the rawness of the performers, a curtain was strung in front of the platform, and manipulated by a youth who grabbed hold of one side and then marched across carrying it with him. The quality of the concert would, perhaps, not charm a Toronto audience, but our aborigines applauded to the echo. Proud fathers and mothers were there to see their children appear in public for the first time ; and, perchance, to dream of future histrionic glory: stout lumbermen were there with their best girls, for the village did not often afford this opportunity. Everybody was there. The room was crowded to the door. Several numbers occurred which were not on the program. The chairman, who was no more used to concerts than the others, announced that the first thing on the program would be a prayer by Mr. K—— ; and, after waiting for a moment continued, " But as Mr. K—— is not present, we shall go on to the next *piece* ! An obstreperous boy on the platform announced quite audibly from behind the curtain,

that the next *song* on the program would be a *dance*. An ardent youth in the audience with his lady love by his side, listened very attentively to a recitation which related the sorrows of an old man who went a-wooing, and took a younger friend with him to help him out. The younger man carried off the maiden. The recitation ends with a soliloquy by the forsaken bachelor :—

“ For a team may be better for hayin’, and plowin’, and all the rest,  
But when it comes to courtin’, why a single hoss is best.”

“ You bet,” came in most emphatic tones from the young man’s corner of the room. The sentiment had evidently struck a responsive chord in the youth’s heart.

But winter slowly disappeared, and with the approach of spring hope revived that we would once more behold the civilized world. It had been an unusually severe winter, and the ice was long in breaking up. Away beyond we could distinguish a very faint water line; but as yet there were at least four miles between us and the ever-broadening line which we so anxiously watched. One morning a strong north-east wind began to blow across the bay. About four o’clock a heavy mist settled down, and we saw no more that night. I was awakened in the morning by the excited exclamation, “ The ice is gone ! ” I rushed to the window, and looked out. Instead of the white expanse of the day before, the black water was rolling and tossing and tumbling. Every particle of ice had disappeared. A fisherman on one of the islands told us afterwards that the ice had broken up and floated out within two hours. That night, when darkness had covered the face of the waters, I looked out again. Something beyond in the blackness, which aforetime had been there, was there once more. It was the mariner’s beacon light. Then our ghost of hope returned, and we watched for the *first* boat.

It came at length, after many disappointments. How many sails and masts we fancied we saw before one appeared in reality, I cannot say ; but enough there were to cause us to despair. We had had no mail for three weeks, and for a time were more closed in by the water than we had been by the ice. But at last we saw a sail, and the village turned out in a body to bid the little schooner welcome as she sailed up the river. How the throng shouted themselves hoarse with joy. One needs the experience to appreciate the situation.

Ere long we bade farewell, with feelings not unmingled with regret, to our little village of the backwoods. It is but a memory now, for I have not seen the little town since ; but I have not forgotten, and probably never shall, the varied experiences of that winter in the backwoods.

## A Travelling Experience of 1897

**I**T was the last week of the Toronto Exhibition, and the Grand Trunk train was crowded with country visitors returning home with curious looking bundles. I politely tried to appear uninterested in everybody, and stared out of the window with such assiduity that a friendly old farmer, noting my evident admiration of the city scenery we were passing, proceeded to give me very interesting, if somewhat inaccurate, information about the Union Station, the River Don, and Toronto in general. I could not get my breath quickly enough to inform my eager entertainer that I had been born and brought up in Toronto, so after several vain attempts to rectify matters, I resigned myself to the requirements of the situation. My old man would occasionally fall asleep for half an hour or so, but just as I might be beginning once more to take a little healthy interest in life, he would waken up, and continue his course of instruction.

At the I. B. and O. Junction, my first estate of misery gave way to a second. I parted with my loquacious travelling companion, and resigned myself to the tender mercies of an antiquated engine, which proved to be the first used by the now celebrated Grand Trunk Railway. It was still in its primitive state of simplicity, and burned wood instead of coal. Sparks flew in all directions, so that soon all the windows of the car were closed, and I found myself in rather close quarters with six men. For a time I amused myself by watching the dancing fireworks, and thinking how the first people that saw the old engine rush past in the night must have likened it to a huge dragon vomiting fire. And truly, had the engine been really alive, it could not have been much more erratic in its movements. We rocked and swayed along on an uneven track that wound around perilously near the edge of a lake. Sometimes we almost stood still—once we actually did stand still, for no good reason so far as I could see. My fellow-passengers one by one filed out of the car, and a few minutes afterwards, when a gentle, rocking

motion informed me that the engine had started again, the men strolled in, remarking that it was a bother, this having to get out and push. We had proceeded on our journey about another mile, when a sudden crash and tearing convinced me that there was going to be a smash-up. The other passengers, however, seemed to take the disturbance very philosophically, and, when the engine came to a somewhat abrupt standstill, they sauntered out. I hardly liked to follow, but found, by carefully sticking my head out of the window, that we had just knocked down the Gooderham fence. I never learned whether the fence had moved since the train last passed, or had been put up since then in a spirit of evident faith that the old engine would be powerless to harm it.

When we got near Deer Lake, a rather merry looking old gentleman broke in upon my comparative peace of mind by inviting me out on to the back platform of the car, because, as he said, if we fell through the bridge, it would be easier to jump. I was not sure how to treat this advance, but, in my ignorance, decided that the man was a gentle joker. However, the conductor and the rest of my companions undertook to enlighten me. They said that the Deer Lake bridge was hardly safe, and, in fact, that the reason of our travelling with the old G. T. R. engine was that the other engine (there were only two on the line) had fallen through the bridge the week before.

The last shred of conventionality was gone, and I felt a melancholy comfort in telling my fears to my country friends. They laughed at my saying I should be glad to get off that train, and, when I told them my final destination, they smiled with a pity most aggravating to the person for whom it was felt. They feelingly informed me that inside of a week I should be dead with loneliness out on the quiet farm where my school-teacher friend was boarding. To my no small astonishment and consternation I learned that, after leaving the train, I should have to drive over twenty miles.

By this time we had reached the end of the line, Baptiste Station, and, although in the dark, I saw no station, I suppose it was there. There was not even a lantern to point out the situation of any tiny platform, and I stepped out into the mud at the edge of a forest. However, a man and a stage, which was neither more nor less than a "double-seated rig" appeared. Into this vehicle I was wedged between the two illustrious members of the company, the hotel-keeper and the doctor.

The way was dreary, dark, and decidedly rough. Corduroy roads were really an occasional comfort, but, for the greater part of the time, I gave myself up to melancholy reflections about what my relatives and friends at home would say, when they heard of my sudden and violent

death. However, in the meantime, I was hanging on to whatever I could grasp, and bracing myself against the seat in front. To add to the general misery it began to rain.

As we plunged into a particularly dark part of the forest, a man grasped the horse's bridle, and visions of a new form of death immediately loomed up before me. But the newcomer was simply wanting the doctor, who was needed to attend a woman dying of fever in a settler's shanty not far away. The doctor was not long gone, and when he rejoined us he said that the woman was dead.

This melancholy incident seemed to put our little company into a mood for recalling sad stories. The tale that touched me most was one of a young man who had been accustomed to carry supplies into a lumber camp, before the trains came near enough to be of any use. His horses were particularly sure-footed, and knew every yard of the dark road that even the driver could often not see. But one of the horses died, and a new one was taken on. The night was dark, the team stepped over the edge of a precipice, and the heavy load fell upon the driver, who was found alive and conscious the next morning. The would-be deliverer tried to lift the load, but he could not pull the injured man from beneath, and, after letting the heavy weight back again, he had to run three miles for the help that came only when the crushed, bruised body was past all pain, and the patient sufferer was far from the night of his agony.

I felt that what gave this story its thrilling vividness was the fact that our driver had long ago given up trying to guide our horses, and that even if there was no precipice at hand, there was an abundance of trees against which we might be dashed. However, after driving nine miles we arrived in safety at Bancroft, quite a flourishing village.

Here a farmer and my school-teacher friend were waiting to take me "home." As it was then after eleven o'clock, and we had to drive another twelve miles, we started almost immediately. Hardly was I in my place and my baggage up behind, than Jessie said: "Oh, where are they? I'm just hungry for bananas." Wondering at her eagerness, I gave her one from my lunch basket, and, with the carelessness of ignorance, handed over my last one to the farmer, who took it, and, I believe, even managed to eat it. He afterwards confessed that he had had a hard struggle, as he had never tasted one before—although he had seen them in shops, and thought them a kind of sausage.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, when, after I had given up all hope, and for some time had been harboring a secret conviction that the farmer had lost his way, we heard dogs barking and saw the flash of a lantern. I was helped down from my perch, and introduced to



somebody called Dan. This person ushered us into the house—the quaintest, cleanest-looking house I had ever seen. The room into which we entered was large, with whitewashed log walls and whitewashed rafters overhead. The floor was bare—scrubbed as white as the wooden chairs and forms against the walls. A huge fire of logs was burning in the open stove, near which were drawn up two large wooden rocking-chairs and an old-fashioned spinning wheel. A rather sleepy-looking girl was moving around—apparently preparing a meal. At this I vaguely wondered, inwardly hoping that we were not supposed to breakfast at three. However, Jessie relieved my anxiety by saying that we were to get something to eat before going to bed, and that I had better sit down. I did so, and was wondering whether I should eventually cry or go to sleep, when I settled the question by what I suppose must have been the latter process, since I soon found myself a settler of a past century when all Canada was in a state of native simplicity and travellers were in imminent danger of losing their way in the “forest primeval.”

I. L. T.

## A Retrospect

"They are flitting away, those swift, sweet years,  
Like a leaf on the currant cast  
With never a break in their rapid flow  
We watch them as one by one they go  
Into the beautiful past."

**S**TANDING as we do just upon the threshold of a new and untried life, our school days with their changeful light and shade lying far behind us, it seems a fitting time to pause for a moment and glance back through the vista of years that have flown. Were it possible to forget, not one of us would willingly let "the dead past bury its dead," even though, as memory draws the veil aside, we see joy and sorrow, victory and defeat. What a dream seems our early childhood! when surrounded by tender, loving care we felt the very joyousness of life's spring time.

"'Twas as easy then for the heart to be true,  
As the earth to be green or the skies to be blue;  
'Twas the natural way of things."

True, even then we had our childish troubles, but how easy it was to forget and forgive—a little sympathy, a little comfort—and life was again rose-colored. Days of blessedness, indeed! Would that we had retained that childlike faith and belief in human perfection which made them so. That trustful spirit, content to leave the unexplained mysteries too deep for comprehension, to live only in the present.

But all too soon we entered that arena of temptation and trial, the life of a great public school. Slowly dawned the realization that to live meant more than we had hitherto thought, that thorns as well as roses grew in the path, that there was no royal road to knowledge. Many sorrows were brought about by our own folly and carelessness, but that did not make it any better. The giants in the way had to be met and conquered one by one, and when the last was vanquished, collegiate life began.

The events of those years are much too fresh in the memory of each to need recalling. The merry, light-hearted life of the junior forms, the scrapes cleverly got into, clambered out of with infinite skill, the more earnest work of the higher forms ending in examination victory, when with regret and anticipation struggling in our hearts, the dear old days were over, and the arms of our "Alma Mater" opened wide to receive us.

And now we of the senior year are about to sever another tie, to break another bond, to go forth into that large school for which the past years have been but a preparation. Through the various stages we have passed—through the "Freshmen" stage, and we realize now, more fully than ever, the exhaustive ignorance which we must have displayed when armed with the wisdom of a matriculant we came down determined to subdue all things, fully convinced that *we* could climb the ladder of fame with ease and rapidity. Then came the second stage, when as "Sophomores," we looked askance on the incoming first year and congratulated ourselves that we were not as they. During the third stage a change came over the spirit of our dreams, and we knew that we did not know much, that so far we had not drunk the well of learning dry, nor were we in any danger of taxing the supply. And now, when the three years, with their attendant examination—when we thanked Heaven that it was not always May!—are passed, we find ourselves preparing to make our parting bow and to bid a long farewell to these student days. We feel none of the self-satisfaction of the *Freshman*, nor the arrogant complacency of the *Sophomore*, nor the mock humility of the *Junior*, but we are humble that we know no more, rather than proud that we have learned so much.

We would that it were all to do over again ; and we each ask, Have I gotten all out of this university life that I should have got ? Apart from purely academic training and scholastic attainment, have I been better fitted for filling that niche which I alone can adequately fill ? Am I less selfish, more charitable, more tolerant of the views and opinions of others, more large-hearted and liberal minded ? Am I a better *woman* than I otherwise would have been ? Happy the girl who on graduation feels that she has lost no opportunity for physical, mental, intellectual, and moral improvement.

We have all received more or less benefit from the four years spent together. The world will either be better or worse for our rubbing against each other during these years. Let us then go out from college resolved to do and be that only which is worthy of ourselves, of our class, and of our "Alma Mater." "Hope will brighten coming years, and memory gilds the past."

L. K. W.

# The Alumnæ Association of University College, Toronto

THE University of Toronto has the fond and faithful allegiance of about two hundred women that were students in University College, and who were made Bachelors of Arts by their Alma Mater. Alma Mater and alumna are correlative: *alterum alterius auxilio eget*; hence, nearly every college has an association of its graduates.

Some of the alumnæ of University College are very far from her friendly halls: a cheery letter brings tidings from a fervent worker in British India; a substantial contributor from Scotland gladdens the Women's Residence Association; a brave story from British Columbia brightens SESAME; the daily papers bring intimations of success in foreign seats of learning. Other alumnæ, while still in Ontario, seldom find engaging opportunity or profitable incentive to re-visit college halls—though all have innate longings to meet again with those who read the same hieroglyphics, who solved the same antagonistic problems, who wrestled with the same May examiners, who pledged their fidelity on the same rose-hued, June day. A few alumnæ are near the college, and are, therefore, often gladdened within the hallowed walls by the exquisite pleasure of a warm grasp of a friendly hand; brightened by the delightful sound of a hearty laugh; comforted by the wise advice or the sincere confidence of a sympathizer; soothed by reliving in memory the happy past—an elysium out of which time cannot drive who has entered.

Selfishness is not fostered at University College. Its alumnæ are generous. Hence, those enjoying the benefits of inter-communion and congenial associations, invite reunions of alumnæ, when—

“The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;” and when may be discussed relevant matters of interest and of advantage. Then, too, the spirit of refined generosity prompts the graduate more successful in life's battle, to reach a helping, perhaps a hidden, hand, especially to those in the same rank. Again—*alterum alterius auxilio eget*. Furthermore, the sunshine of generosity would brighten the sometimes cloudy life of undergraduate life. How and When are vague uncertainties that the All-generous will make certainties!

The alumnæ are deeply indebted to Misses E. M. Balmer, E. Catherine Fleming, Luri Hamilton, Charlotte Ross, and Janette Street—alphabetic order—for putting into practical shape some such sentiments as above expressed; and paid promptly their first instalment, when,

invited to meet in the East Hall of University College, at 10 a.m., Saturday, November 26th, 1898, they braved a wind-fanned snow-storm. There were present Misses Mary H. Beatty, Esther de Beauregard, Evelyn Durand, Ethel G. Flavelle, E. Catherine Fleming, Julia Grant, Luri Hamilton ; Mrs. E. L. Hill ; Misses Janie S. Hillock, Laura L. Jones, Gertrude Lawler, Bessie Lawson, H. S. Grant Macdonald, Margaret C. McGregor, Bessie R. McMichael, M. L. Menhennick, Robena E. Millar, Florence H. M. Neelands, Margaret Louise Robertson, Charlotte Ross, May Sinclair, Janette Street, Adelaide E. Tennant, Jessie White, Alice Wilson. About fifty others, unable to be present, sent their names.

Miss Luri Hamilton was elected to the chair, and ably presided over an enthusiastic assembly. Miss Janette Street was chosen secretary. Then followed the adoption of a constitution. It had been drafted by Miss Street, who received many well-merited encomiums for clear-sighted judgment and discretion, and was adopted section by section—each clause having been discussed freely and spiritedly. Membership was restricted to women graduates of University College, and the annual fee for membership fixed at one dollar. The general meeting of the year is to take place at Eastertide, when, it was thought, many would be able to be present. The voting for officers is to be by ballot, as at the University Senate elections. The clause regulating the voting was suspended, and elections were held by vote of those present, with this result :—

*President*—MISS CHARLOTTE ROSS.

*First Vice-President*—MISS GERTRUDE LAWLER.

*Second Vice-President*—MISS EDGAR.

*Corresponding Secretary*—MISS E. CATHERINE FLEMING.

*Recording Secretary*—MISS JANIE S. HILLOCK.

*Treasurer*—MISS KINGSMILL.

*Academic Committee*—MISSES BALMER, DURAND, DE BEAUREGARD, HAMILTON, and RYCKMAN.

The constitution will be printed and forwarded to all members as soon as possible.

If the enthusiasm of the first meeting of the *alumnæ* is any assurance of the success of the association, the welfare of the society is trebly assured. Verily—"Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."

The writer asks the indulgence of the *alumnæ* for the above poor expression of the aims of the *Alumnæ Association of University College, Toronto*.

GERTRUDE LAWLER.

## Lullaby

**S**

LEEP, baby, sleep !

The tired wavelets ripple from the bay,  
Oh how the dreary lingering hours onward creep  
Before the day !

Sleep, baby, sleep !

The pale moon glimmers in the gloomy sky,  
And sharply, clearly ringing o'er the darkened deep  
Comes the gull's cry.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

The fishers' wives are watching on the shore,  
Ah me, I know the sail for which I watch and weep  
Will come no more.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

That bitter night we said our last good-bye  
As now your smiling slumber was so calm, so deep,  
Unwet your eye.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sweet fancies wander through your dreamy head,  
Lo, now the long grey mists above the waters creep,  
The East grows red !

MARGUERITE E. MARSHALL, '02.



Dragons' Heads  
in Physical  
Laboratory





## A Bit of Red Ribbon

**I**T was the hour between afternoon lectures and dinner when the "Trio" usually gathered in Marjorie's sitting-room "just to be frivolous," as Marjorie herself said. A small fire burned in the grate—that was one of Marjorie's hobbies—and Helen sat near by watching the flame as it flickered and flared. Her slim hands were clasped almost caressingly over her volume of Green's "Prolegomena." As Jean, the petted one of the trio, put it, "Helen always did love dry old things." The two friends were having a most animated argument, and, as was usual in such cases, Marjorie walked up and down excitedly, while Helen, cool and cynical, reclined in her low chair.

Suddenly a quick step was heard, the curtains parted, and Jean almost rushed into the room; her blue eyes were dancing with excitement, and she wore a general air of importance.

"Oh, Marjorie, I've one on you this time, something that will surprise you ever so much," and she stopped breathless.

Helen and Marjorie exchanged a smile, Jean had always been the impetuous one of their combination. Then Marjorie asked, "Well, what is your wonderful secret?"

"Just listen to this," and Jean turned her pocket inside out in a hurried search for a newspaper clipping—"McKenzie—Leonard—On Friday, the 28th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, New York, Mary Leonard to Eric R. McKenzie, late of Toronto."

Jean paused and looked up to see what impression her announcement had made. Helen smiled a little sarcastically.

"Well, she's done it at last. I thought she would though ever since I knew Eric McKenzie had gone to New York."

"Why, Helen, don't you remember how she used to poke such fun at him? I never dreamt of such a thing. But, Marjorie!"—and she turned round abruptly to where Marjorie stood at her secretary, evi-

dently looking for something—"you don't seem a bit surprised. Do you *always* know everything?"

"Well, scarcely, little one," and Marjorie smiled, "but this time you see I did."

"You always were Mary's favorite, even when we were very green freshies, and she took us under her wing and piloted us through our first year."

Jean pouted a little; she never could live up to her dignity as a senior as the other two did. Marjorie went over and stood by the fireplace, leaning on the mantle. She held what seemed to be an old letter in her hand. "Now it's all over, girls, I can tell you something I couldn't before. You remember Mary's mascot, don't you?"

Helen and Jean looked puzzled for a moment, then Jean began to laugh.

"You mean that red bow of her's, don't you, Marjorie? The one she always insisted brought her a good time. She used to plan her fancy waists so she could wear that red bow in her hair. Oh, and don't you remember the day she lost it? What a fuss we all made looking for it? Why, I remember her standing just where you are, Marjorie, and saying, 'Well, my sport's over. I can get some more red ribbon, but it won't be the same.' Wasn't she funny about it?"

"Mary always was superstitious," said Helen, coolly. "She lost that bow, though, the same day she met Eric McKenzie. If he'd been a different sort of a fellow I should have wondered if he didn't have something to do with it!"

Marjorie stopped trifling with the envelope she held in her hand and looked sharply at Helen, who, however, was still looking musingly into the fire. Just as Marjorie was about to speak, Helen looked up quickly. "I'll tell you something about that day, Marjorie, something I haven't mentioned as yet—the day Mary lost her 'mascot' I mean. You remember it was at a social evening. I was standing down at one end of the Student Union Hall talking to—well, I forget now, but I was watching a fellow who stood near. It was Eric, but I didn't know him then. He was watching something on the other side of the room very intently, and I was trying to make out what it was. He looked so serious, as if he didn't belong at a social evening. I felt that way, so I sympathized with him. Well, I tried to watch, too, but there was a big crowd, and all I could see was that red bow of Mary's dodging in and out among the heads. Every time I looked over I could see it, and yet it never struck me this man could be looking at it, too. Pretty soon little Daisy Miller came along. You remember her way—always saucy, always guying some one. Well, she stopped in front of

him, and said rather mockingly, 'Why, Mr. McKenzie, we don't often see you out on social evenings. You look lost; now isn't there some one you are dying to meet?' You know Eric's solemn way. He looked straight at her and said gravely, 'Thank you, Miss Miller. Yes, there is some one, but I don't know her name.' Daisy opened her mouth to say something saucy, but she closed it again."

"You never could make fun of Mr. McKenzie to his face," interrupted Jean. "I know, because I've tried it," and she shook her fair head vigorously.

"Well, then," Helen went on, "he asked Daisy if she would come across the hall. 'You see,' he said simply, 'I only know her by the red bow in her hair.' Again I saw Daisy start to laugh only to stop short. Then I knew that it was Mary he had been watching, and so when she told us that night about the new 'plug' she had met, I knew it was Eric, and that is why I wondered about that bit of red ribbon."

Marjorie laughed, and out of the envelope she held she drew something which she laid before Helen. "Do you recognize it?"

"The 'mascot,'" cried Helen and Jean, looking from one to the other.

"Helen wasn't far out, was she, Margie?"

"No," answered Marjorie, "she wasn't." She fingered the bow lovingly, and then looking in the mirror fastened it in her hair. "About two months ago Mary sent me this in a letter, and she told me then she was going to marry him. I wanted to tell you two, but Mary didn't want me to just yet. This morning I had a letter from her telling me that they had been married very suddenly because his firm was sending him out to Australia to look after some business, and he wanted to take her."

"Well, I never thought they would ever be married; he never paid her very much attention, and she used to make such unmerciful fun of him. Gracious, how she did go it," and at the mere recollection Jean laughed heartily.

"It's those quiet, still men, that always get what they want," remarked Helen, "and, as I said before, when I heard he had gone to New York so soon after Mary did, I suspected."

"I wonder if she is in love with him. I don't much believe it," said Jean. "She used to poke so much fun at him for being a plug, and for being Scotch, and for liking her, and, oh, everything!"

"Jean," said Marjorie, gently, "if I were you I would forget all that. If you like I'll read you part of her letter."

"You remember my mascot, don't you, Marge? Well, here it is. If I did lose it, it has brought me more than it ever did while I had it.

I've found it again, and with it something else. I am going to marry Eric McKenzie, Marge. He had it all the time ; picked it up the day I lost it and kept it till now. Do you remember how you freshies laughed at me and my 'mascot'? I am giving it to you now, I don't need it any more. I am the happiest girl in God's good world."

Marjorie paused and looked up with a strangely tender smile. She didn't often look like that ; it was a glimpse of another side of her nature, and before it the other two were quiet a moment. Then Helen gathered up her books, pushed back her chair, and said rather cynically, "All of this only goes to show that first impressions are not to be relied upon. Come on, Jean."

But Marjorie, left alone, took the red ribbon from her hair, and smoothing it gently looked wistfully into the fire.

CARR, '98.

## The Same Old Story

**3**T was one of Marjorie Dering's lazy days. She was lying on the lounge, pretending to read, and wondering whether the snow-storm would keep her friends Helen and Jean from coming for a chat in her cozy sitting-room. Suddenly quick steps were heard outside, the curtains parted, and Jean Graham came into the room, her fair hair all blown about, her face looking as set and determined as her naturally merry expression would allow.

"Well, Marjorie Dering, you lazy girl! Why weren't you over at your lecture? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Marjorie looked at her lazily.

"Why, Jean, I guess you're storming as well as the weather; take off your things and go sit beside the fire. Where have you been all afternoon?"

"Down town." Jean spoke sharply, as she threw herself into the chair near the fire. "Whom do you think I saw?" she asked over the shoulder of Marjorie.

"Judging by your face, some one you don't like much."

"So it was," and Jean nodded her pretty head emphatically. "I saw Dick Cransford, and that horrid little freshette, Alice Norman."

Marjorie got up and came over to stand behind Jean's chair. "That's it, is it, Jean?" she laughed. "Don't be silly; haven't I told you before she's a great friend of his sister's?"

"Don't care," and Jean closed her lips in a straight line.

"And of course he has to be nice to her when she's here."

"Don't care," said Jean, still more emphatically.

"I dare say he has known her all his life and made mud pies with her years ago," laughed Marjorie.

"Don't care," said Jean once more.

Marjorie laughed again. "Don't be silly, Jean; you know Dick Cransford likes—"

"I don't know anything of the sort, and neither do you, Marjorie Dering. I think he's perfectly horrid."

Marjorie whistled softly and smiled to herself. Just then Helen came in.

"Why, what's the matter with Jean; she almost looks cross?"

"Nothing," said Jean, sharply.

"Don't mind her, Helen; she is just being foolish—aren't you, Jean?" But Jean would not answer.

A minute or two later she startled the two girls by turning round on them smiling—a mischievous smile it was, too.

"Girls, I am going to make him pay up for it."

"Dick?" queried Marjorie.

Jean nodded.

"Why, what ever has Dick been doing?" said Helen in surprise.

"Taking Alice Norman to the theatre. Isn't Jean a goose, Helen?"

"A little fool," said Helen, most emphatically.

"Don't care," said Jean. "I'm going to the conversat with Gerald Harcourt instead of with Dick. I got invitations from both of them just to-day."

Helen and Marjorie looked at each other. Then Marjorie said slowly,

"Don't do it, Jean."

"Yes, I will; it will be lots of fun, and you needn't look like that, Marjorie, because I've made up my mind." And Jean again nodded her pretty head very emphatically, and, putting on her wraps, went out of the room humming a merry little air.

Marjorie went back to the lounge with a little sigh.

"I wish she wouldn't. I know Gerald Harcourt better than she does, and all he cares for is for what he would call the fun of cutting Dick out."

"She will, though," said Helen. "All the higher education in the world won't ever make her rational. But don't you worry yourself, Marjorie. I know Dick Cransford better than you do—may be even better than Jean does. He'll bring her round all right, that is if he wants to, and I'm sure he does," added Helen, softly, looking into the fire.

"I hope so," said Marjorie; "it's so wretched to be quarrelling. Now, when Jack Lloyd and I—"

But Helen laughingly laid her hands over her ears, and Marjorie's face flushed red in the firelight.

Jean carried out her threat and went to the "conversat" with Gerald Harcourt. Dick wondered very much when Jean refused his

invitation, and he had felt not a little hurt at her conduct since. However, he told himself, Jean had settled it—he would take Alice Norman; she was a nice little thing. But what Jean could see in Harcourt he didn't know. Well, he would wait and see.

"Have you some dances for me, Jean?" he asked, holding out his hand for her card.

Jean's smile was very formal. "No, my card is full."

"Let me see it," said Dick, and Jean meekly handed it over; she had grown accustomed to acquiescing in his demands, and just for a minute she forgot.

"H'm, Harcourt's got five. Well, I guess he can spare me one. See, Jean, I am going to take this waltz. Is this your rendezvous?" and Jean again forgot she was angry, and meekly said, "Yes."

Before Dick's number with Jean came he had stumbled on the truth, and it was Marjorie who helped him—she and Dick were sworn friends. They had just stopped dancing when Jean passed them.

"Doesn't Jean look lovely to-night?" asked Dick.

"Yes." Marjorie looked at him curiously.

"But she'd only give me one dance, and I had to take that," Dick went on, ruefully.

"Dick," said Marjorie, quickly, "Don't mind all Jean says."

"I never did," Dick laughed.

Marjorie hesitated. "And Dick—don't dance too often with Alice Norman."

Dick looked at her wonderingly. "Why, you don't mean—?"

But Marjorie only laughed, and she moved away; and Dick, with a very determined look on his face, walked straight across to Jean.

"This is our dance, Jean. Come downstairs and let's sit it out."

"Thank you, I'd rather dance," said Jean, severely.

"But I'm so tired, Jean—do come downstairs."

Dick's smile was very winning, and Jean went, telling herself all the time how angry she was.

"Don't you think you were mean, Jean, not to save a single dance for me?" asked Dick.

"No; you never said you wanted any." Jean looked straight ahead of her; she knew if she looked at him she would smile.

"Well, don't I always want them—more than you ever give me?" and Dick looked so earnestly at Jean she was impelled to look back at him. She felt her anger dying.

"I don't know." She hesitated.

"Don't know," echoed Dick. "Why, Jean, you must know."

Jean's dimples just came into view, then they disappeared.

"Isn't Alice Norman pretty?" she asked, irrevelantly.

"Bother Alice —. Oh, yes, I beg your pardon. Yes, certainly she's very pretty—a great chum of my sister's." Dick was smiling now; he saw clearly what Marjorie meant.

"A chum of his sister's." How foolish Jean felt. Just what Marjorie had said.

The bells sounded. Jean rose with a little sigh, "We had better go upstairs."

But Dick only settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"I don't want to. I am happier here. You don't want to, either. Come and sit down again."

Jean's dimples came into view. Her eyes were laughing now, too. "But haven't you to dance with someone, Dick?"

"Only Alice," said Dick, lazily, "and she'd rather I didn't come. She's having some fun with young Morrison. Do sit down, Jean."

Jean smiled down at him. "But I have to dance with Mr. Harcourt,"—not very eagerly.

Dick got up then. "Well, come on, if you want to, Jean. I should think, though, three dances ought to be enough for one fellow. Why, I've only had one."

"But, Dick, I don't want to," murmured Jean, very low; but Dick heard, and was satisfied.

And upstairs Gerald Harcourt looked in vain for Jean, and Marjorie, who saw him looking, smiled and said, under her breath, "I'm so glad."

CARR, '98.






Corbel Table  
from  
University



## A Little Girl's Trip to Scotland

 ONCE upon a time, as all stories should begin, there was a little girl who visited Scotland. There she saw some strange things, not at all the things that grown-up people see. To begin with, her expectations were different. Her mind was full of stories out of an old history, and tradition and truth were beautifully mingled in her small head, so that she expected to find a country peopled by noble knights and beautiful ladies who lived in great castles, with dark dungeons below, and who acted as if they had walked straight out of the pages of *Ivanhoe*. The ocean voyage was disappointing. She did not see an iceberg, she did not see a whale, she did see great waves lifting their crests to the skies, but they made her so sea-sick that she gladly took refuge in her berth, without caring whether she saw any of the wonders of the deep or not.

When at last land was reached her interest revived. The little village where they stayed was like nothing she had ever seen. The houses were low and small, built of stone, with thatched roofs, and in them sat weavers spinning away at their looms. The floors were made of great slabs of stone, and the little girl took the greatest interest in watching the village girls as they scoured the grey stones, and drew scrolls on the great hearthstone with chalk. She often wondered if some day she would not be able to do the same, and sometimes to her great joy she was allowed to try to make the wonderful rings of chalk herself. The little housewives were usually quite willing to let her try, for they thought that the little stranger was a very wonderful being. They liked to gather round her in the evening, and make her tell them about the strange country where she lived, and teach her to play their games.

Sometimes she was shy, and refused to play, and once she was very much frightened. All the village children were playing together, and were singing, "See the robbers passing by, my fair lady," but when it was the little girl's turn to pass by, and she was caught, and heard them sing, "Off to prison you must go, my fair lady," she ran away in terror, for she thought that at last the dungeon of her dreams was going to become a reality.

Of course the little girl saw some of the sights that ordinary tourists see in Scotland. She saw old castles with real moats around them. She went to Edinburgh, and stood on the Calton Hill, and saw Holyrood Palace. She visited Glasgow Exhibition, and gazed with awe on the chair where Queen Victoria had sat just the day before. She climbed the Eildon Hills, and covered herself with glory by reaching the top before any of the rest of the party. But any one can tell you of the thousand and one places of interest that people visit, and perhaps in the midst of it all, you may become tired like the little girl herself. For it was not long before she tired of it all. She wanted to go home, and perhaps the most pleasant part of all her journey was the return to the little Canadian village, where she was henceforth to be an object of envy and admiration to all other little girls who had not travelled so far.

F. R. A., '02.

## The Legend of the Blood-Root

**L**ONG ago, in a shady valley, dwelt a delicate little wood-maiden, white as snow. There she played with her companion flowers in the shadows and the sunlight, ever happy and light-hearted, the most beautiful of them all. Her neighbor was a daisy with a star-like face, graceful and proud as she bowed her tall figure to salute the Evening Wind.

All day long they stood there, and the birds taught the little wood-maiden their songs, and the Evening Breeze brought messages of love from the bees and birds and flowers in the wood. When the twilight came the maiden ceased her play and was lulled to sleep by the gentle whispers of the tall pine trees. So this little maiden grew in beauty and humility, unspotted and unspoiled by the devotion of all her fellow-flowers.

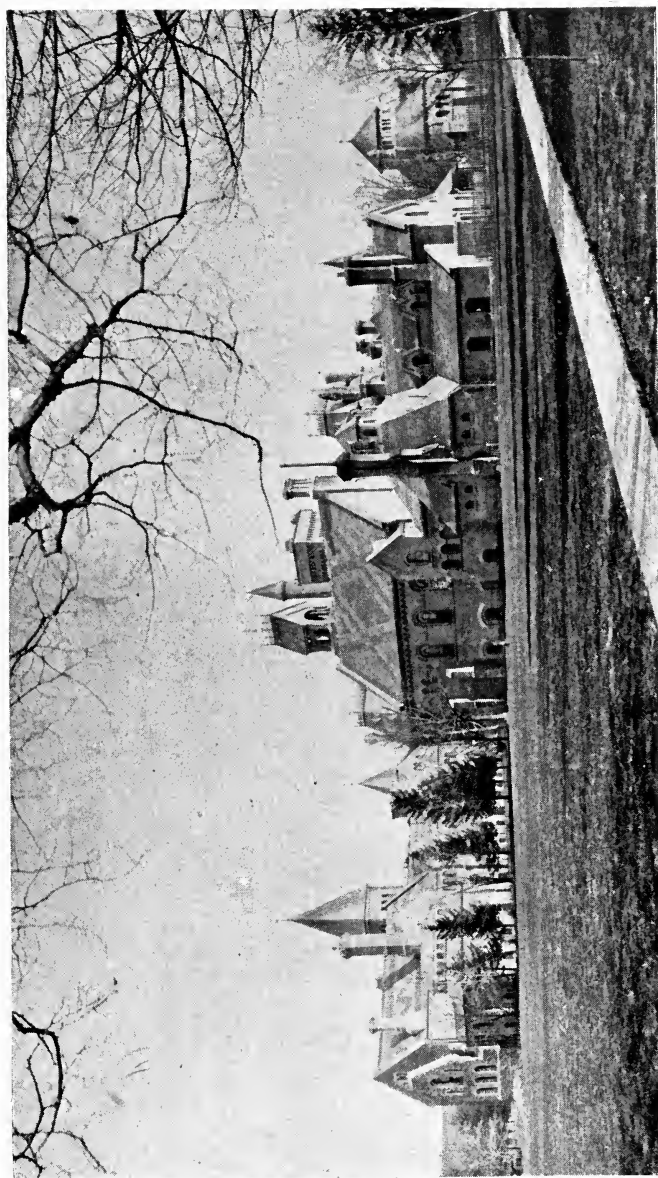
One morning when the sunlight roused her, she saw a royal flower, all purple, bending toward her in the morning light. And as the little maiden gazed at the stately form, she felt her pulses throb with feeling, as he smiled kindly at her. But as she drooped her head the morning sunshine kissed the Daisy and she awoke, and she, too, saw the Prince of Flowers standing there. Then the kingly Iris turned his head and saw the beautiful star-like face, all bathed in the morning dew, gazing at him, and again the courtly Iris smiled, but this time not only in kindness.

And the Daisy reared her head yet higher and more proudly, and rejoiced in her heart that her crown of gold was so bright in the sunlight, and her dress so pure and white in the dew, for she said within herself, and rightly, "The Prince of Flowers will see and woo me, surely," and the royal Iris did, and the Daisy was happy and forgot her little neighbor, with the milk-white face.

Then when the birds came to sing to their little queen Blood-Root, they found her lonely and neglected, only as they looked on the beautiful snow-white face, they saw the glorious light of her awakened soul, shining through her eyes. Then the night fell, and the little queen felt lonely and sad and wondered why, for ever before it had been her delight to watch the night creep up and the stars light their candles and shine down on her.

With the morning came the birds and bees with their messages of love, but when they reached the shady spot where she was wont to welcome them, they found, bent low beside the kingly Iris and the lovely Daisy, the dainty blossom of their queen, all beautiful. Only when they whispered to her the messages from their companions in the woods, they were no longer greeted by the happy, hopeful smile. The awakened soul had been too great a burden for the fragile flower, and as they stooped and took her up to lay her far away by the sea she had loved so dearly to hear them tell of, they saw the little root, blood-red and torn, and they knew why she had died.

W. H.



University  
Building  
from the Rear





## Nihil

**T**O-DAY the amateur writer wearily racks his brain. With the courage of despair he ponders, groans, and ponders yet again, till at last he sighs, "Nothing is new ;" but in the same breath cries, "Eureka! I have found it." Ah! gallant youth, seize on your pen and with unbridled eloquence dash into the unknown regions of Nothing, since there alone can be found the longed-for novelty. Apart from its freshness, the subject will prove enticing when its comparative importance has become manifest.

To render Nothing at all intelligible it is necessary to appeal first to mathematics. Look at the number 7904. Omitting 0, you reduce this to 794. Here is found the first inkling of the importance of Nothing. Admittedly 7994 is greater than 7904, as is also 7914. It would be absurd to claim that mathematically zero equals any one of the nine digits. Possessing no intrinsic worth, zero is yet useful in altering the value of any figure great or small.

The Nothing in mathematics is not difficult to conceive, for the symbol 0 gives to it a sort of tangibility. But in human experience what possible definition of Nothing can be given? Socrates himself with his group of disciples would have found difficulty in giving a lucid explanation of Nothing. "Doing nothing" is an ordinary expression with a supposed significance. But what is implied? Nothing thus used seems to mean absolute rest, which is, however, an impossibility. For even when the body seems totally inactive, the mind is more or less industrious. It is curious, too, that those conditions nearest to perfect rest—sleep and unconsciousness—are not described as nothingness. Death itself is not a state of Nothing; for, though spirit and mind are no longer at work in the body, the latter is subject to decay, and so is not at rest. With the true Nothing, then, it is impossible to deal. But this nearest approach to it in human experience, this inactivity, is worthy

of consideration. Of no importance in itself, inactivity may yet serve a purpose similar to that of zero in mathematics, that is, it may alter the value of the terms that represent the achievements of an individual.

Let fancy picture a man of action, one who never for a moment relaxes his energy, except when his "will is bondsman to the dark." He may take recreation at rare intervals, but into this very recreation he throws all his powers, for he realizes that few such opportunities are before him. Directly the allotted time for pleasure is past he resumes his labours with unabated zeal. There is no pause. Never does he permit a miserable Nothing to steal into his career. The brief respites from work cannot be called Nothings since they cause no lull in his activity. Recreation is to him but another field of labour, which he enters from a sense of duty and because nature positively objects to one uninterrupted kind of toil, whether physical or mental. Such a man, if possessed of an iron constitution, may endure this tension for years, and may accomplish in each successive year what humanity in general would be proud to claim as the work of a lifetime. Speculation is always hazardous. Yet there is a strong temptation to wonder if this man of action might not live longer, might not realize more happiness, and might not attain certainly as much distinction, and probably more, if to his series of achievements he admitted an occasional Nothing.

The most perfect picture we have of inactivity is that painted by Tennyson in his Lotus-Eaters. But this is inactivity to excess. An occasional zero is useful, a series of them, meaningless. Thus in human life, a prolonged condition of Nothing can produce only a nonentity. Yet sometimes in this busy world, where act follows act without cessation, the murmur must rise to the lips of many, "There is no joy but calm!" If to taste of the Lotos had meant the renewal of hope and strength for future struggles, the land would have been an Eden upon earth. But no! one taste was pernicious. The weary voyaging was better than this unending inertia.

The comparison of nonentities to the Lotos-Eaters is less inappropriate than the resemblance sometimes claimed between nonentities and menials or common labourers. Suppose, merely to indulge the imagination, that menials and labourers suddenly should announce themselves too proud, too noble to fill degraded positions longer, and should declare allegiance to Minerva alone, or to some such obsolete personage—witness the collapse of society. Hereafter, every man must become his own tailor, butcher, and Jack-of-all-trades. The philosopher must forsake the paths of learning, unless, in the manner of Socrates of old, he can go barefoot summer or winter and can philosophize sometimes on an empty stomach. No labourer then is a nonentity but an important factor in

society. Just as truly, the wicked man is not a nonentity, as Milton's Satan strongly testifies.

In respect of this Nothing there are four classes of men ; the first scorns inactivity ; the second, through the trials of poverty, makes no claim to its own just portion ; while the third class obtains its own share as well as that of the first and the second ; the fourth class, which is, unfortunately, very small, alone enjoys its due share, no more and no less.

All that further demands consideration in this subject of Nothing, is when is it to be used and how ? Only the individual can tell the exact place to insert a nothing in his series of actions, but the condition of body and brain is the safest guide. The most pleasing manner to enjoy Nothing is out of doors, alone with nature ; if the weather be unfavourable, solitude within doors is the best substitute, and it is needful that all dark, worrying thoughts give place to the sweetest day-dreams.

OUDEMIA.

## The Coal Diamond

**H**ENRY DUVIN was considered a character in Milden, even though he was not the only eccentric man known there. He was a tall man, but a habit of walking meditatively, with down-cast head, had given a perpetual stoop to his shoulders. His clothes hung loosely about him, as though they had been made for a larger man, and his hair had a rough, untidy look from frequent ruffling back from his forehead.

The pretty vine-covered cottage where he lived had been left him by his father. He was then a young man, fond of the gaiety of which young men usually are fond, but his interest had lately been quite accidentally awakened by the study of crystals. The form of the diamond had particularly attracted his attention, and he had therefore built himself a workshop, as he called it, behind the house immediately after coming into possession of this. Since the workmen had put up the shelves and placed the heavy tables no one but its owner had entered it. From that time he had begun to change into the man he now was. He had given up all forms of amusement beyond his workshop. He was doing some work for an invention he hoped to perfect, and, wrapped up in it, he found little pleasure in any thing else.

It was more than a year later that he accepted an invitation to a large dance. He seemed in very good humor; his invention, he said, was just about complete, but he would rather not say just yet what it was. His reputation for eccentricity, however, was increased by his behavior. For, about the middle of the evening, he asked one of the belles, who was wearing a necklace of beautiful diamonds, how she would like it if he told her the stones were worth no more than the coals in the furnace. The lady declared she would be heart-broken. "For then," said she, "I could care no more for them than I do for the powdered

glass which gives a glitter to the trimming of our dresses." Duvin looked surprised and a little doubtful, and left the ball a little later.

For two or three days after this he was busily engaged in his workshop, and when next he was seen his shoulders had begun to show the first signs of stoop, and the light had gone from his face. Nothing more was ever heard of his invention, and the general opinion was that he had counted on success too soon, and failed in the end.

But the truth was far otherwise. He went from the ball directly to his workshop. There he unlocked a drawer and took out a small square box. On the cotton wool in the bottom lay a pure sparkling diamond. This was the result of his year's work. With infinite care he had studied the nature of crystals. The diamond was but carbon and so was coal—where, then, was the difference between them but in the nature of the crystals? To find a means of crystallizing the one from the other was the invention he had set himself to perfect. He had given all his attention to this, and, though innumerable difficulties had been before him, he had never given up. The result had seemed possible to him, and, giving up one idea after another, he had persevered until he had made the stone which now lay in his hand. It had been returned that very day from the jeweller to whom he had sent it to be tested, with his opinion that it was a diamond of the first water, an unusually pure stone. Early in the evening, Duvin completed the paper, giving a full description of all his experiments, of all conditions necessary to produce the diamond from ordinary coal, and of the means he had used to get rid of the impurities usually to be found in the latter. The manuscript lay on the table neatly sealed, ready to be sent to a friend of his on a scientific paper, who would be ready to publish it. And now Duvin hesitated to post it, for the sake of a woman's chance remark. He decided to wait until the morning.

When morning came, he hesitated no longer. He knew that he had made an important discovery, for the experiments he had carried out would not only be of use in this case but in other branches of crystallography. By publishing his experiments in full there would be no fear of the discovery being patented and made a monopoly of by some one.

But at breakfast time the mail arrived, and with it a certain periodical which dabbled in science. This paragraph caught Duvin's attention :—

"But such discoveries do not always result in pure good. Science, truly, is advanced by every iota of truth which is given to the world, but while the commercial world is continually assisted by the study, whole trades may be ruined by it. Take, for example, a case which is now practically impossible. Suppose that by some power now unknown but reasonably economical, there should be discovered a means of turning

the carbon of coal into the carbon of the diamond. Diamonds would then be worth no more than coal, and the cost of the labor of making them from it. The diamond merchant's trade is closed to him, the diamond mines are valueless, and the miners are thrown out of employment, while all those engaged in the cutting of the stone must be paid in proportion to the value of the stones on which they work."

I have said that Duvin was considered eccentric, and perhaps it was this trait which led him now. He read no farther, but immediately decided that his discovery was likely to do more harm than good. He walked over to his workshop, carefully burnt all his manuscripts and destroyed such apparatus as he had especially prepared for his experiments. He then settled down to some other work for a couple of days, until he felt sure he could talk to people without regretting the loss of his discovery, and that is the reason why his remarkable invention was a failure.

C. C. B., '99.



The Sun-Dial  
in the  
Dean's Garden





# The Sun-Dial

**A**MONG the few relics which survived the disastrous fire of 1890, one of the most interesting and artistic is the sun-dial in the Dean's garden, which being in a rather sequestered spot is not as well-known as its historic and emblematic importance deserves.

This monument of the fire was erected by Professor Baker, and in its structure combines different parts of the old University building.

The column on which the dial stands formerly stood in the Memorial Window that occupied the north end of the old Convocation Hall. This window was erected by the undergraduates of 1866-7 in memory of those members of old "K" Company who fell in the Limeridge action. The window was always an object of interest to visitors at the University, and especially to former members of the University Rifle Company, who will be glad to know that some memento of this famous window has been preserved.

The metal of which the dial is made was part of the bell that before the fire hung high in the tower. This bell rang at the end of each lecture hour, and tolled dolefully at the beginning of each examination sitting. It was also heard each night at nine o'clock, the popular belief being that it called the resident students to their vespers. Its voice was last heard on the night of the fire as it tumbled from its home in the tower, and rang out its own death knell.

The history of both column and dial has been briefly summed up in the inscription on the plate and stylus. On one side of the stylus is engraved, "This column before the fire of February 14th, 1890, stood in the Memorial Window of old Convocation Hall, University of Toronto." On the other, "The metal of which the dial is made was part of the tower bell destroyed by fire of February 14th, 1890."

On the plate is engraved, "*Ecce sonans olim mutum nunc auguror horas,*"—*Behold formerly noisily, now mute, I divine the hours*—a *pensée* suggested by Professor Baker as conveying the changed condition with unchanged duty of the metal.

At Professor Baker's request, Professor Fairclough, now of Leland Stamford Junior University, rendered the thought into the hexameter. Classical scholars will note with pleasure that the scansion is correct.

A picture of the sun-dial is given with this issue, through the kindness of Mr. A. H. Abbot, R.A.

A. W. PATTERSON.

## The Poet

**A** POET sang of the rustling leaves,  
And crystal murmuring streams,  
And rosy dawns and dewy eves  
We only see in dreams :  
For our brains are so busy we do not see  
The beauties around us lying ;  
We care not whether the tempest roar,  
Or the summer winds be sighing.

But he saw nature as it was,—  
The pure blue heaven on high,  
The golden clouds at set of sun,  
The opal tints of sky.  
The winds that whispered to the waves  
That washed the pebbly shore,  
And told the wonders of the caves  
Which sing for evermore.

He saw, he wrote, and those who read  
No more their heads held low  
In a weary war with Fate ; instead  
Their hearts again aglow  
They saw as in their youthful days  
The golden sunset sky,  
The meadows and the forest green,  
The brook which rippled by.

\* \* \* \* \*

The poet died, but his songs live on,  
And shall till the end is come ;  
Till the heart of the world hath ceased to beat,  
Till the lips of the world grow dumb.

J. G. D., '02.

## S. R. Crockett

“ Upon the whole it's clear to me  
That whether on the land or sea  
For Christian heathen, bond or free  
In England, Ireland, or Fiji,  
Dominion or Dependency,  
A better thing there cannot be  
Than sterling Scotch ascendancy.”

**A**ND surely when we glance over the men who to-day are dividing the honors of reviving the literary renown of Scotland, we must acknowledge that in the world of letters, as in every other department of life, the sons of that rock-bound isle are proving worthy of the name wherewith they are called. Stevenson, Barrie, Crockett and McLaren, form a quartette of eminent men whom any nation might be proud to claim as her own.

Samuel Rutherford Crockett is one of the most recent of these writers, whose books are becoming more and more popular. Critics have declared him to be a new Barrie, and a second Stevenson. But there is about his works a distinct personality, a breath of the heather-scented hills of Galloway, a pathos and a humor which belong entirely to himself. He has a wider knowledge of Scotch character than Barrie, though he may lack his humor, more sympathy with man, though he lack Stevenson's eye for the picturesque; and his “May Mischief” and “Winsome” are more girlish and natural than “Catriona,” we feel that his characters live, move and feel, and that a man who could create such must himself be a noble man.

The son of a Galloway farmer, our author received his early education at the Free Church Institution of Castle Douglas, and after a course in the University of Edinburgh entered the ministry of the Free Church

in 1886, beginning his pastoral work in Penicuik. This charge he held till about three years and a half ago, when he resigned to give himself entirely to literary pursuits. From that Midlothian manse have come works, which for truth, sincerity and heart-stirring pathos, have rarely, if ever, been equalled. Many a son of Scotia, in some distant corner of the earth, has been warmed and cheered, has felt his pulses quicken as by the skirrl of his mountain pipes, and has blessed the man who has so faithfully portraited the virtues many, the vices few, the caution, the generosity, the dourness, and the innate sweetness of his Scottish forbears. Many might have undertaken the task and failed, because he was not a son of the soil. But Crockett's words reach the heart and fire the imagination, because they come from one who feels and realizes the truth delivered, then speaks it while all men listen and are moved by it.

If "Thrums" belongs to Barrie, and Drumtochty to McLaren, Crockett may assuredly claim Galloway as the district which he has "pegged out" for his own. Here are laid the scenes of nearly all his stories, and he has succeeded in making us *see* the heathery hills "as league after league of the imperial color roll westward like flame, as the level rays of the sun touch it"; *smell* the bog-myrtle, *hear* the burn as it ripples down the valley, and feel the mist as it rises from "behind the Duchrae and Drumglass." His power to reproduce the effect of scenery, even on the rudest nature, is wonderful, as shown in a passage in the "Lilac Sunbonnet." "He looked over. He saw the stars, which were perfectly reflected a hundred yards away on the smooth expanse, first waver, then tremble, and lastly break into a myriad delicate shafts of light as the water quickened and gathered. But the long roar of the rapids of the Dee came over the hills and brought a feeling with it, weird and remote. Uncertain lights shot hither and thither under the bridge in strange gleams and reflections. The ploughman was awed. He continued to gaze. The stillness closed in behind him. The aromatic breath of the pines seemed to cool him and remove him from himself. He had a sense that it was Sabbath morning, and that he had just washed his face to go to church. It was the nearest thing to worship he had ever known. Such moments come to the most material, and are their theology!" The description of the encounter between the pirates and the King's men is given in a few powerful strokes: "Down dropped the peak, round went the spars, the yards were braced, and away we swung through the rising lift of the harbor-bar till the wind caught us as we passed the heads, and like a sea pellock buried her nose in the heaving smother where the wind and tide meet." In his racy description of the fight, he reminds us of Conan Doyle at his best, so had he no other claim, this alone would make him famous.

His first literary venture was in 1886, when a small book of poems was published under the title of "Dulce Cor." This did not make a name for him. But his "Stickit Minister" given to the reading public seven years later, opened the heart of the English speaking world to receive its author. These sketches have a wonderful attractiveness about them. The story of "Robert Fraser," the minister, about whom there was "something which marked him out as no common man," moves us strongly. His quiet renunciation of his beloved schemes to go through the Divinity Hall, his patient endurance of his brother's arrogance, and his quiet acceptance of the inevitable fact that "e'er that"—"the calling in of the bond"—he would be flitted—awakens our keenest sympathy and keeps us silent with grief. In lighter vein is the progress of Cleg Kelly, an Edinburgh street arab, who possesses, in a marked degree, all the quickness, versatility, pluck, and staunchness of his class. There is infinite variety in the book. It now sparkles with flashes of humor, and again it is in shadow, but always natural, wholesome, and exhibiting an unbounded faith in humanity.

Earlier of execution, but later in publication is the "Lilac Sunbonnet." The scene is laid in the rural districts of Scotland. It is essentially a love story. But was the old, old story ever told in a more charming way, or under circumstances more calculated to arouse our sympathy and enlist it on the side of the youthful lovers? The heroine is Winifred Charteris. Ralph Peden, a divinity student, who comes down to Dullary to be grounded in the essentials of the Marrow Kirk, meets the beautiful wearer of the "Lilac Sunbonnet," and almost immediately they discover that *they* are "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Then we have revealed the strength and constancy of manhood and the goodness and resourcefulness of "this angel who had not quite lost her first estate." It is wondrously real. The heroine's character is subtly analyzed. She is at once a child and a woman. To the divinity student it was given to awaken her womanliness, her strong passion, and her tenderness. Here we get very near to the true inwardness of human experience; into the very sanctuaries of the heart. But they have been touched with a reticence and sincerity which shields their follies and throws their lovable and strong characteristics into bold relief. The grandmother is as fascinating as the granddaughter, whose pure unaffected naturalness wins and holds all hearts. This simple story of an honest love freely given and fully returned will be read and appreciated when more ponderous volumes are forgotten.

In 1894 followed Mr. Crockett's most ambitious work, "The Raiders," a story of wild life on the coasts of Galloway, as it was lived in the latter part of last century. It is remarkable for its brilliant descrip-

tive passages, for its many exciting incidents and thrilling adventures. The very first sentence, "It was upon Rathen Head that I first heard their bridle reins jingle clear," arrests us, and our attention is held to the end of the long story, for even his greatest admirers must admit that Mr. Crockett has rather prolonged the story.

The story is told in the first person by one "Patrick Heron," the hero, who, after many adventures, rescues his love, May Mischief, that was to be his wife. After passing through many perils, they bid their readers "A fair-guid-e'en, praying that they will take the door with them as far as it will go, and leave them thus in the firelight with only the earl's great chair for company."

If the sketches in the "Stickit Minister" be snap-shots, the characters in the "Raiders" are portraits, life size. The hero and heroine are drawn with a strong hand. He is brave, true, loyal, and likable. She courageous, tactful, girlish and natural. The minor characters are equal to anything in the "Stickit Minister"—"Samuele" and "Eppie Thomson" being irresistible. In this, as in all his works, the descriptions are glowing and realistic. The fight at the mouth of the Great Cave, the ascent to the Robber's Fastness, and the scene at the Murder Hole, are masterpieces of word painting, as, the reflections of the hero as he went up to the "Throat of the Wolf": "I could see only a hundred yards or so above me, but overhead the thunder was moaning and rattling, coming ever closer. There was a faint blue light, more unpleasant than darkness, high in the lift. Then little tongues of crawling cloud were shooting down, as it seemed, to snatch at me, curling upward like the winkers of an old man's eye. As they came near me I hated them. As often as they approached there was a soft hissing, and the rocks grew dim and misty blue, my hands pricked at the thin fine skin between the fingers that we call webs, I had a strange prickling tightness about the brow, and my bonnet lifted."

Humor and pathos, hair breadth escapes, and daring adventure, love and hatred, failure and success, seige and conquest, are all shown with no sparing hand. The grasp of Lowland character, the mastery of the dialect, the subtle delineation of character, especially woman's, and the appreciation of all that is best and most attractive in humanity, place the author of "The Raiders" in the forefront of the writers of pure romance.

From this source have come in rapid succession "The Men of the Moss-hags," an historical novel of the days of the covenanters; "A Galloway Herd"; "Bog-myrtle and Peat"; and "Cleg Kelly." This last is a continuation of the adventures of this hero so auspiciously begun in the "Stickit Minister." For disinterested loyalty, and for an honest endeavor to live up to the light he had, commend me to "Cleg

Kelly." Like that other youth known to fame, "He seen his duty and done it." One or two short stories, principally for children, have not detracted from the fame of our author. His "Traveller's Sweetheart," published last Christmas, "The Play Actress," and a still more recent one, "The Count and Little Gertrude," are beautifully told, and show our author at his best.

Mr. Crockett's most recent works are :—"Lockinvar," a quasi-historical story, built upon the general plan of Sir Walter Scott's well-known poem. This attempt cannot be considered entirely successful, as the incidents are somewhat forced and the characters do not move before us naturally. "The Standard Bearer," which may be considered a sequel to "The Men of the Moss-hags" and "Lockinvar," and which, despite its name, is really a charming love story ; "The Red Axe," which has proved most popular, and has led to fresh demands on the author from enterprising editors, and "The Black Douglas," which is even now running in serial form, and will, we feel sure, not detract from our author's popularity.

It remains to be seen what will be Mr. Crockett's permanent place in Anglo-Saxon literature. But certain it is, that to those of Scottish descent he will always be a favorite. The literary excellence of his style, his penetrating humor, his pathos, vigor, veracity, his wonderful insight into character, and his fidelity in depicting what he sees, and above all, the wholesome, healthy atmosphere about his stories, will make them favorites so long as he continues to produce such. To some the dialect may be a drawback to the thorough appreciation of his works. But for all that, the touch of nature in them makes the whole world kin. Would it be too much to regard our author—

" As some divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began,  
And on a simple village green—  
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star."

Who makes by force his merit known—who turns his seeming failures into "stepping stones to higher" and greater achievement, who has been blessed with clearer vision and larger view, and who uses that power as in the sight of the Giver of All, and for the betterment of humanity.

'99.

## Why Go to College

**A**NOTHER of Lady Aberdeen's kind acts of thoughtfulness was the gift from her and Lady Marjorie of Alice Freeman Palmer's book, "Why Go to College." That I may, to a very small extent, show the appreciation of those who received it and attempt to show their gratitude, let me speak of this book.

It is a helpful little book, full of wise thoughts and kindly encouragement. The advantages of College are considered not for their market value in gaining lucrative positions but rather for their ability to fit us for a life of real usefulness. The first part of the book speaks of the advantages to be gained. Education is, of course, the prime object of a University's existence, but it gives other good things. Happiness is the first of these, for, as the author says, "For full happiness, though its springs are within, we want health and friends and work and objects of aspiration. 'We live by admiration, hope and love,' says Wordsworth;" and all these things are to be found at College if they are to be found anywhere. Beauty, joyous life, and a very exhilaration in the atmosphere each adds its part. The College can also give us health, and can teach its value and how to gain it, and Mrs. Palmer quotes a formula seen in a freshman's mirror frame, "Sickness is carelessness, carelessness is selfishness, and selfishness is sin." Then College gives friendships, for there each girl can choose her companions from the girls who are most in sympathy with her, and can form those friendships which will last a lifetime and give her interests in all parts of the world. Ideals of personal character are gained. It may be, perhaps unconsciously, from the Professors whom we only see in the lecture-room, or from the other girls with whom we come into contact. A widening of interests is given, which may form interests to last through life,



to broaden the woman's thoughts and raise her from the monotony of an existence which might have been hers. "To make drudgery divine a woman must have a brain to plan and eyes to see how to "sweep a room as to God's laws." Of these interests there are three mentioned; the love of great literature, the best of books of all ages; the study of nature, whose secrets and whose lessons lie all about us; and an interest in people, for the student of to-day is no recluse. And lastly, the author speaks of the enlarged conception of religion.

"The supreme end of College training," she quotes from Dr. Jowett, "is usefulness in after life."

This is but a rough outline of the essay, and yet, perhaps, one may see the advice it gives as to the use of our College years, of the possibilities they afford us and how best we may use them. Then let us remember the suggestions that are made of the friendships we form, and choose them wisely; of the ideals we create, and seek only the best; of the store of health and happiness we may lay by, and of the interests we may make for ourselves and so use these short four years that we may look back on them as years of true education in the widest sense of the words and as the means of ennobling and raising our lives for all the future years.

In conclusion, let me repeat a couple of quotations—the words above William E. Russell's portrait at Harvard—"Never forget the everlasting difference between making a living and making a life," and James Russell Lowell's words to College girls, "I have only this one message to leave with you. In all your works in College never lose sight of the reason why you have come here. It is not that you may get something by which you may earn your bread, but that every mouthful of bread may be sweeter to your taste."

SENIOR.

## Ninety Years Ago

**3**T was a perfect autumn day in the year 1806, and the little town of York—Muddy York, as it was suggestively nick-named—looked its best. This is not saying much, however, for in those days York consisted of a few houses and stores, an old-fashioned hotel and the fort. The main street ran down to the bay, and on this particular day, a small sloop was moored at the wharf and the captain was only waiting for some passengers to come on board before starting. These were Percival Beresford, generally known as “Sandy,” and his cousin, Dr. Tempest. Sandy was a little boy of twelve with curly red hair and large grey eyes. His father was a captain in the militia and only a few days before, Dr. Tempest, who had been paying them a visit, had proposed to take Sandy home with him to New Jersey, send him to school there and finally make him into a doctor like himself. After a great deal of hesitation and consideration, the father and mother consented to let him go. The few days that remained before the departure seemed to fly past, and now had come the hardest moment of all—the parting. A few hurried last words and Sandy went on board with his cousin, and the mother and father turned away with heavy hearts.

It was a long journey from York to New Jersey in the beginning of the century. It began with the trip across the lake, which took five or six hours, and it was evening before Sandy and his cousin reached Lewiston where they spent the night. In the morning they mounted on top of the stage and commenced a four days’ journey across the State of New York. It was a wonderful ride for the little boy who had never been out of his native town before, and he felt as if he was in a sort of fairyland as the stage passed through golden and brown fields and woods, flaming with autumn tints. But even this got tiresome at last, and he was very glad when they reached New York city, and from there crossed by boat to the town of Perth in New Jersey.

Perth was a little town situated at the mouth of the Tara River. Dr. Tempest's house was a large old-fashioned one about two miles up the river, and here Sandy lived quietly for about six years. Every day he walked to school in town and studied and played with the other boys until afternoon. Often at lunch-time they would go down to the wharves and watch the big shipping vessels unloading, or wade out into the salt water in search of clams and oysters. The Canadian boy was a great favorite with the others. He was always good-natured and would do anything for his companions. There was only one point about which there ever rose serious disputes. Sandy was a loyal Canadian and loved his home passionately, though quietly, and his grey eyes would sparkle dangerously when anything disparaging was said about Canada. One day he fought a boy several years older than himself, because the latter had sneered at Little York and called it a mud-hole. Since then the subject had been carefully avoided.

During the six years, he had grown from a careless, merry little boy into a tall, good-looking young man. His hair had grown darker and his bitterest enemy could not say it resembled carrots now. His eyes were still the same true, Irish, grey eyes that seemed to look straight into your heart. He had been studying medicine under his cousin's instruction but did not really care for it, and had begun to think seriously of giving it up, when something happened which put that and almost everything else out of his mind.

America quarrelled with Great Britain and decided to invade Canada. New Jersey was one of the States that opposed this step and would send no help, so there was less excitement there than in other places and news came slowly, as from a far country. When the first reports came, Sandy thought of his home. His father was a captain in the militia, and if York were attacked—— How he wished he was at home ! When he asked his uncle's permission to go, however, Dr. Tempest refused, saying that he could do no good if he did go, and he was much better and safer in New Jersey. But Sandy's military instinct was aroused, and he seemed to hear his mother's voice calling him until he could stand it no longer and resolved to go on his own responsibility. So one day in March he went to town fully determined not to return.

When he crossed to New York and heard the people talking, he realized for the first time what a serious war it was that had been going on for nearly a year. He heard the defeat of the Americans at Queens-ton Heights fiercely and angrily discussed, and news of a projected attack on York, which made him bitterly regret that he had not gone home at the very first rumour of war. He might be too late now, but he would go at any rate. In the morning, he mounted the stage, and

commenced the long tedious journey. The road was the same that he had travelled nearly seven years before, only then he was a happy child, now he was a man. Instead of the beautiful autumn landscape he had passed through before, now there was only a dull grey sky, bare fields, leafless trees. The days seemed interminable; every halt for the night or even for a meal or changing horses made him restless and miserable. He would lie awake at night thinking of his home and father and mother, and wishing that he had never been sent away. His thoughts drifted on in troubled dreams. He imagined himself in the town of York, which was in possession of the Americans, and the people turned on him calling him "Traitor!" and would have killed him; then the scene faded and he saw only his mother smiling a welcome and saying she knew he would come. Then he awoke and another weary day had begun. For six days the journey lasted and then they arrived at Lewiston.

The next thing was to find some one to take him across the lake. The regular vessels had all been stopped on account of the war and it was with great difficulty that he persuaded a man to take him across in a small sail boat. He heard at Lewiston that a force of two thousand men had sailed a few hours earlier for the purpose of attacking York. He passed the seven or eight hours that elapsed before he reached home in a sort of stupor, then he awoke. His heart beat wildly, and then sank with a sickening fear, as the sound of guns came across the water, the man who had brought him over, was terrified, and insisted on landing him at a little place some miles east of the town. Here he hired a horse and twenty minutes' hard riding brought him at last into the town. Hurrying along the deserted streets, he saw the doors of houses standing open and no one inside, and wondered if his mother would be at home, or whether she had left the town with the other women and children. At last he reached the house, the door was open like the others, but in the hall stood his mother. Her's was the face that had welcomed him in his dreams. In an instant he was off the horse and in her arms. He stayed only a minute, the sound of the guns again startled him, and he reminded her that he must go to his father. Then he was off again, galloping in the direction of the fort where six hundred men were trying to defend it against two thousand. He saw at first only the confusion and the smoke, then made out the American ships and the enemy, surrounding and overwhelming the little force of loyal men. He was hurrying on, close to the fascinating scene when suddenly a tremendous explosion shook the ground. The magazine had been blown up. If the Canadians could not keep the town they could, at least, destroy the amunition, so the match was set. The smoke slowly cleared away, but

Sandy was gone. There was an officer carrying some one away from the ruins. He laid down, and tried to bring back the life. His face was full of surprise and bitter pain and sorrow. In its features the younger face was like it and the hair was auburn ; the eyes that slowly opened were deep and grey and a voice we knew said brokenly :

“Father! I have found you at last. I will never go away again. Why don’t you speak? Aren’t you—glad?—” the eyes closed again, and then—the voice went on “tell mother I—”.

That was all. The voice faltered, was silent, and our Sandy was dead. He reached the end of his journey, which was not very long after all. Perhaps it is well that he could not see the American flag floating over the home that he loved. There, cover his face, and come away, the tumult cannot trouble him now. His rest is won.

GRACE EVANS.

# College Functions ; Reminiscences

(With the writer's humblest apologies to Mr. Hood)

## I

**W**ITH tired step and slow,  
With footballs weary for rest  
A maiden moved in her maidenly frills  
Trying to seem at her best.  
Walk! Walk! Walk!  
In the line of the long promenade,  
And ever and ever as they stalk  
She keeps up the fusillade.

## II

Talk! Talk! Talk!  
While the band keeps playing on!  
And talk, talk, talk,  
Till ideas all are gone!  
It's oh! to be a plug  
And never leave one's book,  
Where maiden at learning may tug,  
—If this is society's look!

## III

Talk! Talk! Talk!  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Talk! Talk! Talk!  
Till the eyes grow heavy and dim!  
Course and year and plan,  
History, truth, fiction,  
Till there's nothing left to enlighten the man,  
—Which brings a slight restriction!

#### IV

Oh, men, with sisters dear !  
Oh, men, with mothers and wives !  
It is not leather you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives !  
Walk ! Walk ! Walk !  
In the trail of the long promenade,  
Yet gently she smiles in spite of the miles,  
She walks with each silent lad.

#### V

Talk ! Talk ! Talk !  
Her labor never flags ;  
And what are her earnings ? A dreary wait,  
For a father or brother that lags ;  
Or a rush through the park, all in the dark,  
To a boarding house so forlorn,  
—She can hardly sleep, her regret's so deep,  
For lessons unlearned next morn.

## Nonsense continued

What Sheridan said of wine may be applied to joking—"the best to enjoy is that which you crack at another person's expense."

. . . .  
The Sinking Fund—List of Women's Residence subscribers.

. . . .  
It is said that literary women ought to wear book-muslin.

. . . .  
Professor of Economics—What are ground rents?  
Second Year Lady—The effects of an earthquake.

. . . .  
The United States—England and America.

. . . .  
The athletic exercise indulged in by the ladies is mainly jumping to conclusions.

. . . .  
A dental student in recommending artificial teeth remarked that the person must make up his mind ever after to speak in a falsetto.

. . . .  
Medical students when wishing to bone anything up are said to use a skeleton key.

. . . .  
Professor of Economics—Why would the normal state of a colored gentleman in India be one of want?

Fourth Year Student—Because he would be an Indi-gent.

. . . .  
It is said by resident students that the way to make gloves last twice as long is to wear only one at a time.



## Editorial Notes

**A**NOTHER year is almost gone, and SESAME wishes you the best of all good things for the one to come. 1898 has not been a year all of happiness nor yet of peace. We have had wars and rumors of wars, and tales of sorrow and suffering have been ringing in our ears, but these later days show a brighter prospect. There is more of love and less of jealousy between the nations. Words of peace, as becomes the time of the Child of Peace, are in the air, and may peace come to us all. May the year of 1899 begin with a clean page to be filled with records of noble deeds, and the putting down of all that is small and mean—in very truth a Happy New Year.

. . . .

A short sketch of "Why Go to College" is printed in this number of SESAME, but, as the editors of the magazine of the women of Toronto University, we should like to add our thanks to Lady Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie Gordon for their thoughtful remembrance of us and for the trouble they have taken. But it has ever been Lady Aberdeen's way to think for others and not to spare herself. . . . We are very grateful, too, to the graduates for their present to us this autumn. We were delighted to hear that a parcel of vases, jugs, spoons, etc., had been sent by them to the Woman's Literary Society. For many years to come it will save our unfortunate friends and relations the embarrassment of refusing or the trouble of having to lend us all sorts of needful things for our social affairs. But this is only one of the many kindnesses which the graduates have shown us and which keep the women of the University, whether they be graduates or undergraduates, so much in sympathy with each other. . . . The chief innovation of the year has been the Hallowe'en social evening, which we hope will become an annual affair, for the good of the First year girls, of course. The plan was suggested only a few days before the magic night, but the enthusiasm shown was so general that the arrangements were quickly made and successfully

carried out. Some seventy of us met in the Guild Hall. The gasoline stove was of peculiar structure ; each of its four rings had a method of lighting and burning quite its own, but finally they all blazed up, and a delicious smell of molasses toffee filled the room about 8 o'clock. The good old-fashioned games were in full swing until the toffee was ready to pull, and after that everyone's hands were too sticky for anything else. A last, long "Sir Roger" and the Varsity call ended a happy evening. Some of the people we passed coming home are, I believe, still anxious to know why a girl's school passed up Yonge street about 10 o'clock on October 31st. . . . Golf holds its sway at the University at last. One wonders that a club has not been formed before, when one considers how well suited the University grounds are for the game, and the very general popularity which the pastime has won for itself. Among the women students it has not been much taken up, but no doubt next year will show more women members in the club. . . . Two new clubs are being formed among the women graduates and undergraduates. The first of these is the Alumnae Association, spoken of elsewhere ; the second is the Grace Hall Memorial Club. There is so little we can do to show our love for one who is no longer with us, but the club will do its share to remind us of a faithful fellow-student, to remind us of one who, though a universal favorite, was most respected and most admired by those who knew her best. The plan of the club is to form a library for the use of those women students who cannot provide themselves with all necessary books. Mrs. Hall wishes that her daughter's books should be a help to some one ; they have, therefore, been taken as a nucleus for the library, which will be added to by the women leaving the University, who may wish to give their books or money for the purchase of others. A sum of money was at the disposal of the Woman's Literary Society for the purpose of purchasing a book-case, and through the kindness of one of the professors a handsome one was bought, and now stands in the reading room. . . . The proposal that each graduating class should leave behind it a memorial has certainly met with general favor among the women. The favorite idea seems to be that of replacing the window of the men who fell at Ridgeway, which was destroyed in the fire. We sincerely hope that some such plan may be successfully carried out.

. . . .

As SESAME again makes her appearance, she pleads for your kind consideration, and once more on the score of her youthfulness, for she is but three years old. She is ready to take her just due "like a man," however, and may she have that friendly criticism, which, while showing her defects, may help her to correct them in the future.

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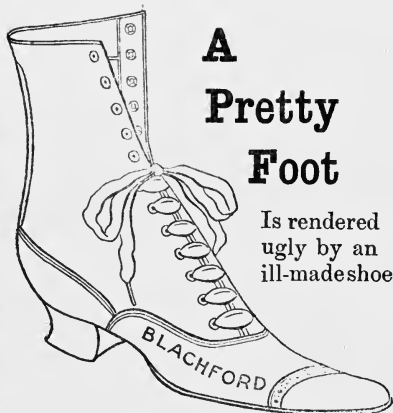
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# OFFICIAL CALENDAR

## OF THE

# EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

## FOR THE YEAR 1899

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### FEBRUARY:

1. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education. [H.S. Act, sec. 13 (1).] (*1st Wednesday in February.*)

### MARCH:

31. Night Schools close (Session 1898-1899). Reg. 16. (*Close 31st March.*)

### APRIL:

4. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto. (*During Easter Vacation.*)
25. Last day for receiving applications for examination of candidates not in attendance at the Ontario Normal College.
27. Art School Examinations begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)

### MAY:

1. Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance and Public School Leaving Examinations, to Inspectors, due. (*1st May.*)
5. ARBOR DAY. (*1st Friday in May.*)
23. Notice by candidates for the High School Forms I., II., III. and IV., University Matriculation, Commercial Specialists' and Commercial Diploma Examinations, to Inspectors, due. (*Before 24th May.*)
24. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY (*Wednesday.*)
25. Examination at Ontario Normal College at Hamilton begins. (*At close of session.*)
31. Close of session of Ontario Normal College. Reg. 74. (*Shall close on 31st May.*)

### JUNE:

6. Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)
14. Written Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)
16. Provincial Normal Schools close (First session). (*Subject to appointment.*)
22. Kindergarten Examinations at Hamilton, London, Ottawa and Toronto, begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)
28. High School Entrance Examinations begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)  
Public School Leaving Examinations begin. (*Same time as H. S. Entrance Examination.*)

### JULY:

3. High School Examinations, Form I., begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)
5. High School Form II. and Commercial Specialists' Examinations begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)  
Domestic Science Examinations at Toronto Normal School, begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)
7. High School Examinations, Forms III. and IV., begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)

### AUGUST:

15. Provincial Normal Schools open (Second session). Reg. 66. (*3rd Tuesday in August.*)
25. Application for admission to County Model Schools, to Inspectors, due. Reg. 59. (*Not later than 25th August.*)

### SEPTEMBER:

1. Last day for receiving applications for admission to the Ontario Normal College. (*By 1st September.*)  
County Model Schools open. Reg. 58. (*2nd September.*)
4. LABOR DAY. (*1st Monday in September.*)

### OCTOBER:

2. Ontario Normal College opens. Reg. 74. (*1st October.*)  
Night Schools open (Session 1899-1900). Reg. 16. (*Begin on 1st October.*)

### DECEMBER:

5. Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. (*Subject to appointment.*)
11. County Model Schools Examinations begin. (*During the last week of the session.*)
15. Provincial Normal Schools close (Second session). (*Subject to appointment.*)

(The italicised portions in parentheses give the wording of the law and regulations as the authority for the dates.)

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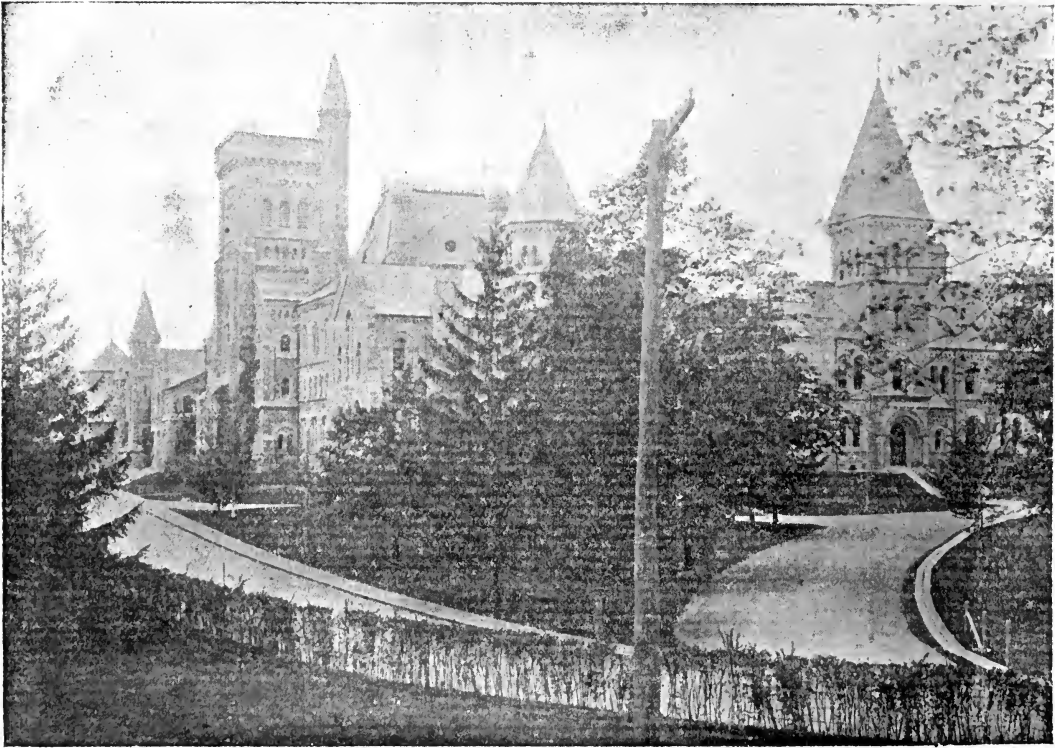
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